NATIONAL REVIEW

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May 20, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

How to Solve the Farm Problem

ROBERT HANEY SCOTT

The Trap Falls on Tshombe

PHILIPPA SCHUYLER

2 + 2 x Reston = 3

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
JAMES BURNHAM · HUGH KENNER · SIR SHANE LESLIE
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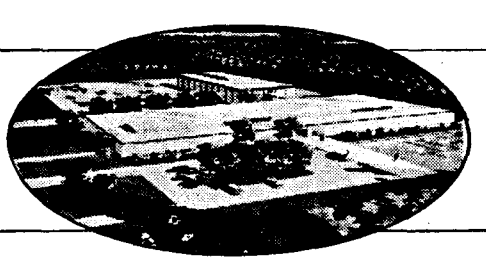

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.). Copyright 1961 in the U.S.A. by National Review, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature a solution, so help us, to the farm problem. Spring is in the air, and NATIONAL REVIEW always becomes constructive during the spring, and we are pleased therefore to publicize the analysis and proposals of **Robert Haney Scott,** a Workshop Fellow in Money and Banking at Michigan State University. Mr. Scott, who writes for us for the first time, does more than merely indicate what is the source of the farm problem—for that we don't need a scholar, surely? He proposes a solution so sane, so compelling one might even consider it politically feasible. . . . **Philippa Schuyler,** daughter of the distinguished Negro journalist George Schuyler, is just back from the Congo where she learned a great deal of immediate relevance to the Tshombe story. She knew, immediately Tshombe was captured, that the plot had finally fructified, the pieces of which she had seen coming together weeks ago. It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that any outrageously pro-Western political leader must be treated outrageously. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** takes a long, a calm and a non-vituperative look at the Generals' Revolt and suggests how General de Gaulle could turn it to his, Algeria's and France's benefit. Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is planning another lecture tour of the United States next fall. Any one interested in securing his services should write directly to him in Lanz, Austria.

➔ **Robert Parker,** a young New York journalist who has written for us before on the situation in Virginia's Prince Edward County, discusses the significance of Robert Kennedy's latest anti-segregation foray. . . . **James Burnham** is on a work-trip around the world and last week stopped in Manila to attend the annual Conference of the anti-Communist organizations of Asia. In successive issues he will write about Taiwan and finally Europe. Mr. Burnham will return to the States in time to see his oldest son graduate from Princeton. . . . **Peter Whigham,** an English poet and Latinist, turns his hand to a new and, we think, wonderful translation of the poems of Catullus.

➔ **Hugh Kenner** reviews an unsuccessful attempt to discuss movies, morals and art. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** is still writing captivatingly about the giants who figured in English diplomacy a generation ago. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl,** whose book *Red Star over Cuba* is being widely read, takes a despairing look at the prescriptions for Latin America of ex-Congressman Charles O. Porter and Professor Robert J. Alexander. . . . And **John Leonard,** who is about to complete his junior year at the University of California in Berkeley, has seen *The Misfits,* and finds that "for all his talk about the potentialities of the motion picture idiom, Arthur Miller has done very little exploring." ➔

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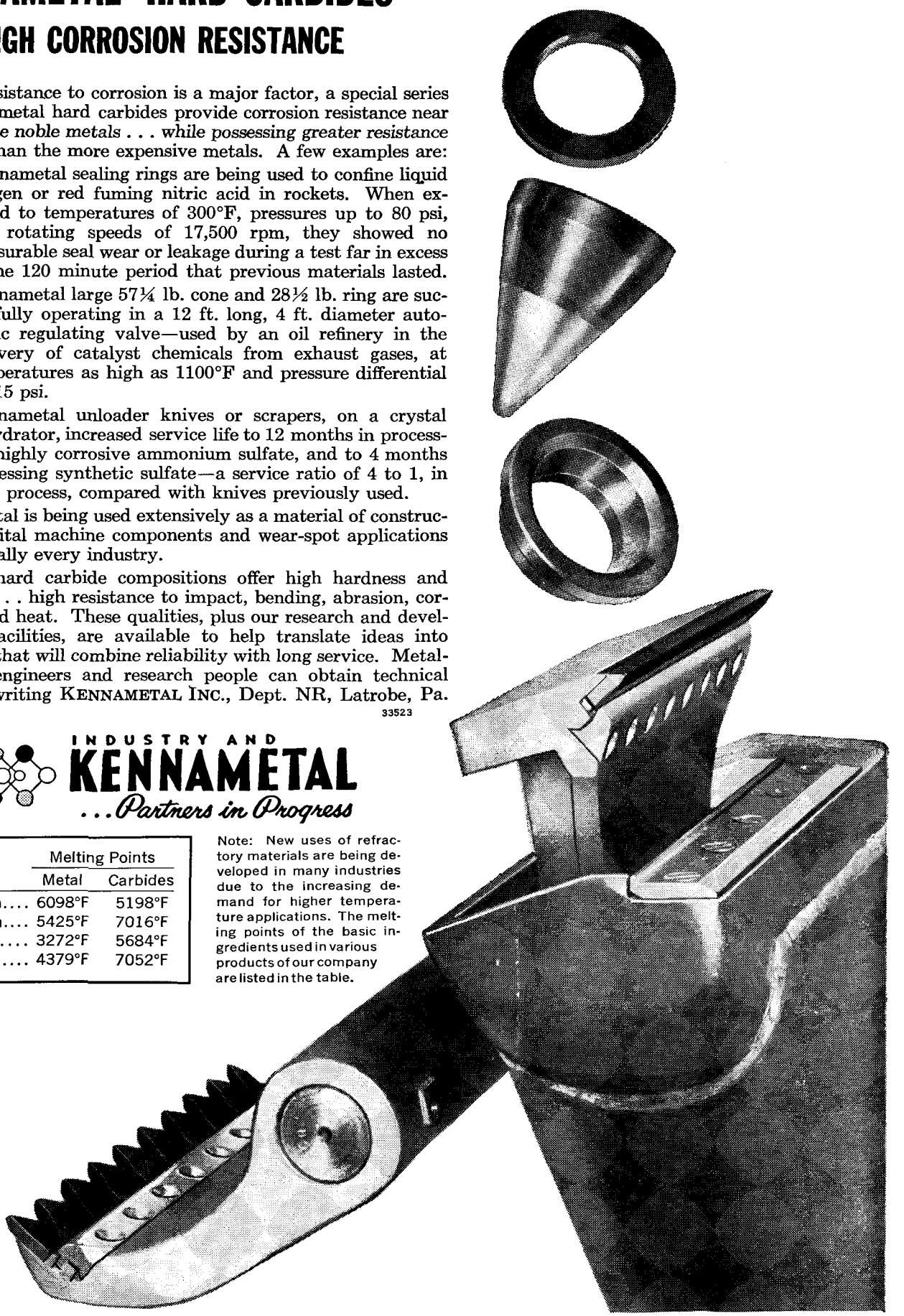

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The WEEK

● Astronaut Shepard studied the odds, did his homework, placed his bet, and won. He got a fifteen-minute ride on a German rocket developed by German scientists in Alabama after fifteen years and several hundred million dollars had been spent. On this subject the French press is—well—French. The German press takes note of the inexplicable delays in the American program, chides us for our jubilation, and tells us it's time to work harder and with more consciousness of our goal. *Missiles & Rockets* excoriates the whole publicity scheme surrounding the space ride. And NATIONAL REVIEW, alas, points out what a miserable failure the U.S. shot was in comparison with the Ride of the Wild Duck. Where's the full-length biography of Shepard? Where's the commemorative stamp issued on the very day of victory? Where's the heroic statuary unveiled the next day? A botch to the last.

● Nothing stops the foreign aid folly. The program becomes daily more irresponsible and senseless. Treating our own serious balance-of-payments problem as if it did not exist, the Administration is planning to lend India $1 billion in the next two years and helping to put together a $2 billion aid "package" for Brazil to rescue these two countries from *their* balance-of-payments problems—brought about, like ours, by their own inflationist and welfare-state programs. And now Congress has appropriated $600 million to start a long-range economic aid program for Latin America to run presumably for ten years and to cost us at least $2.5 billion before we are through. Moreover, the sponsors of this legislation have made it clear that the money is only going to the Latin American countries if they promise to redouble the inflationist and socialist policies that caused their difficulties in the first place.

● In the last year Senator Goldwater has flashed like a nova in the skies of politics. Richard Nixon, fearing an eclipse, has swum back into view with a series of speeches in major cities—speeches characteristic of him: canny, tritely turgid, edifying without specifying. Dwight Eisenhower, rising from his perigee at Gettysburg, appears to be establishing an independent orbit from which he will observe the world and sow it with his comments—a verbal equivalent of tropospheric scatter. And Nelson Rockefeller has started his countdown for a major launching in the 1962 *blintzkrieg* for the governorship of New York. In the developing confusion of a loyal opposition to a loyal opposition, one can find at least this much firm ground to stand on: the last three gentlemen, impatient possessors of empty speaking schedules, are searching for ways to enhance their prominence; Senator Goldwater turns away his suitors, for the demands of the public have filled his calendar through 1962.

● *For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!"* Not saddened by them at all, the Kennedy Administration has made them the basis of a new economic concept—the "growth gap." Instead of basing statistics, calculations or plans on what actually happened, it asks itself what would have happened if production had always reached its maximum "potential," if everything had gone right and nothing had gone wrong—in brief, if the Kennedy planners had always been in power. The difference between this hypothetical figure and reality is the "growth gap," and the Kennedian economists can tell you exactly how big it is. They measure the gap by calculating how large production would be if the economy had grown 3½ per cent a year since mid-1955. By this reasoning, last year's $500 billion gross national product should have been $535 billion. All of which has considerably annoyed Dr. Arthur F. Burns, formerly chief economic adviser to President Eisenhower, who calls attention not only to some of the economic absurdities in the concept but some of the statistical tricks involved. For example, if the starting point of the calculation had been mid-1947, there would have been no "growth gap" in 1960 at all.

● Mr. Dean Lipton of San Francisco gives us some colorful facts on the only court case to arise from the student riots against *Operation Abolition:* the trial of Robert Meisenbach, 23, on a charge of assaulting a police officer. Meisenbach's attorneys defended him as an abused and entirely non-political youngster, urging the jury to consider the case quite apart from their private opinion of the HUAC. But, for a non-political youngster, Meisenbach travels in fast company. After being acquitted, he posed for photographs with his arm around a little thing named Betty Jenkins, sparkplug of left-wing student groups in the area, and daughter of Dave Jenkins, who for many years was an important West Coast Communist and who once directed the San Francisco Labor School, which the Attorney General has listed as a Communist front. Meisenbach's attorneys were Charles Garry, who ran for Congress in 1948 on the Wallace Independent Progressive Party ticket, and Jack Berman, who once, on the executive board of a Democratic group, cast the only vote against expelling, on the charge of Communism, a man who later told Congress and the state legislature that he

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had been a Communist at the time. Attorney Berman told the press that the jury's acquittal tossed *Operation Abolition* "into the creek." Meisenbach, non-politically abused, said the acquittal "put the lie to *Operation Abolition.*" At a victory celebration in the Old Spaghetti Factory, non-political Meisenbach joined his attorneys, the Communist-leaning sculptor Benny Bufano, and four members of his jury—including the foreman. What does this put the lie to, Mr. Meisenbach?

● Last January Eisenhower submitted a balanced budget for fiscal 1962. Two months later Kennedy was estimating a deficit of $2.8 billion for fiscal 1962. Last week Kennedy's Budget Director, David Bell, estimated the deficit would be about $4 billion. Well, the 1962 fiscal year hasn't started yet. We look for the estimated deficit to keep going up about $1 billion a month. That's how we got to the $12.4 billion deficit for fiscal 1959.

● At Syracuse University, two weeks after the abortive Cuban invasion, Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland called on the intellectuals to provide the President with "fresh" ideas on Laos, the Congo and Cuba. We submit that what the President needs is not so much "fresh" ideas as "fresh" intellectuals.

● Gaily noting the increase in rioting throughout the world, the manufacturers of tear gas look forward to another record year in 1961, mainly in export sales. In the domestic market they have a hard time competing with the gas from the Potomac.

● Last summer a group of students met at Grove City College, Pennsylvania, to take an intensive two-week course in politics, economics and history, taught by anti-Communists and libertarians. The meetings were so successful they are to be repeated, *mutatis mutandis,* this June in three separate colleges. Two of the summer schools are limited to male undergraduates, one at Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N.J. for two weeks beginning June 12 and the other at Yale University in New Haven during the week of June 26. The third, open to both men and women undergraduates, will be held at C. W. Post College, Brookville, Long Island. All three sessions are under the auspices of the Tuller Foundation for the Advancement of Economic Understanding. Address inquiries to the Tuller Foundation, Tuller Building, Red Bank, New Jersey.

● From now on, foreign opinion polls by Ed Murrow's U.S. Information Agency will be kept secret, as part of President Kennedy's effort to develop a responsible press.

Words, Words, Words . . .

More than once since Inauguration Day, America has thrilled to the words of its forceful young President. As it responded then, gladly, to his call for sacrifice with the sudden hope that the long period of stagnation was over, so it responded two months later to his bold statement on Laos. ("Government Ready to Face all Risks to Bar Red Rule of Laos," the headline proclaimed.) And, again, a month later, it applauded the new chief when he tossed back Nikita Khrushchev's gage. To Khrushchev's blustering threat that Russia would support Cuba against any American-backed invasion, the President replied: "The U.S. intends to protect this hemisphere against external aggression." No bluster there, sober, serious words, but all the more gallant when all the world knew what was even then happening at Bahia de Los Cochinos. And, on top of that, he read a lecture to the other nations of the Western Hemisphere on their responsibility for stamping out the Communist cancer in their midst, warning them that even if they failed to act, "this government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations which are the security of the nation."

And since then, nothing. Oh, to be sure, the brave words continue to flow—beautiful polished daring words, molded by Harvard rhetoricians, approved by public relations experts. But no policy decision to indicate that Mr. Kennedy, any more than his predecessor, understands that so long as we are shackled by our own policy of containment it is we who are being contained and the Soviets who are "liberating" the free world bit by bit.

In the last fortnight:

—Fidel Castro announced there would be no elections in Cuba; he boasted he was taking his country into the Socialist camp; his agents rounded up 200,000 suspected counter-revolutionaries out of a population of six million. *And we*—well, the State Department set up a new round-the-clock "crisis center" (complete with two permanent "crisis spotters") to keep the President and his aides briefed. And a congressional committee discussed the effect on the Tampa cigar makers of an embargo of Cuban tobacco.

—The Communist-led and Communist-supplied Pathet Lao agreed to a cease-fire; immediately launched a half dozen sharp new attacks on Laotian government positions and raised time-consuming questions about where the cease-fire committee should meet. *And we*—well, the new Pathet Lao objections came after Senator Fulbright informed the world that the United States would commit no troops to the struggle to keep Laos free. And Laos' only buckler against Communist domination for seven long years has been the Communists' *doubt* about

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U.S. intentions (we did, after all, go into Korea). We have now, accommodatingly, removed that doubt: Laos will be partitioned, or reconstituted as a "broadly-based" and neutralized national unity government. And an International Control Commission, similar to the Commission which has allowed 10,000 to 20,000 North Vietminh guerrillas to slip into South Vietnam in the past seven years, without so much as a rebuke, will "police" the Laotian truce with the benediction of the U.S., Great Britain and France.

—In the Congo, the long-range Soviet objectives have been a) to get rid of the Belgian presence in the Congo; b) to destroy the pro-Western Katanga government of Moise Tshombe and c) to set up a "neutralist" Congo, *à la* Ghana and Guinea, whose economic and political orientation will be toward the Communist bloc. In the past fortnight: a) President Kasavubu has signed a treaty with the United Nations for the purging of Belgian civilian and military advisers in the Congo, or more properly speaking, in Katanga; b) President Kasavubu has treacherously kidnapped (see Philippa Schuyler's report, p. 310) Moise Tshombe and now threatens to bring him to trial and to destroy Katanga by force of arms if necessary and c) neither Kasavubu nor UN authorities have made a single move to crack down on Antoine Gizenga, the self-proclaimed head of Oriental Province, who refused even to attend the Coquilhatville Conference. Gizenga, who was trained in revolutionary techniques in Prague, is the man Khrushchev has designated as Patrice Lumumba's successor and therefore, it seems, is immune to UN castigation. *And we*—well, Secretary of State Rusk again reaffirmed our determination "not to permit the Soviet Union to establish a position of power in the Congo" and noted, in the very next breath "an improvement in the Congo situation in recent weeks."

And so on. Cuba, Laos, the Congo this week. Berlin tomorrow, then Iran, Turkey, South Vietnam, Burma, Thailand, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic, Panama and on and on until, as Marguerite Higgins put it the other day, our leaders can rid themselves of the "will to fail."

Penalizing Employment

It is obvious from everything the Kennedy Administration has said and done that it considers unemployment to be its chief economic problem. But apart from its dangerous steps toward inflation, every major measure it has taken is calculated to discourage employment.

All of these measures tend to increase employers' wage-costs. This is the direct effect of the new Minimum Wage Law. In addition to raising the hourly wage-rates of marginal workers to $1.15 and eventual-

No Communist Threat Seen in New Russian Regime *

Dynamic Young Bolshevik Administration Is Reforming Country by Trial and Error

Inquiry Shows Lenin, Trotsky, Others are Anti-Communist

By SHERBERT MATTHEWS

Special to The New York Times

MOSCOW, May 7, 1918—Communism played no part in last November's Revolution here, and no Communists, of any size or stripe, hold power in the new government. On these points there is virtually unanimous agreement among the most informed and reliable Muscovites, and this reporter wholeheartedly concurs, after an exhaustive and penetrating analysis of the people and events of the past six months.

No one of any intelligence—and this can be stated categorically—gives credence to the rumors that Nikolai Lenin is gravitating to the Far Left. Indeed, Communism is not even an issue in Russia today; Americans seem to be the only ones worried about it.

To reiterate: none of the important figures of the Bolshevik Liberation is, or has ever been, a Communist, and no Communistic measures are contemplated by the new regime. In fact, both Lenin and the men around him—such moderates as Leon Trotsky and Joseph "Joe Stalin" Dzhugashvili—are considered as anti-Communist, though they do not now deem it necessary to harass the few insignificant Leftist elements that may be in their camp. But they are in firm control, and can quickly dispose of any "Red" problem that should arise.

One notable characteristic of the revolutionary leaders' approach to their new powers and responsibilities is a firm determination not to act in a manner that appears too solicitous of Western "morality" or "ethics." In the opinion of this newsman, and other perceptive observers, their attitude is perfectly reasonable. Furthermore, American skepticism as to the peaceful and democratic nature of their intentions is serving only to baffle and irritate this progressive young Union of Republics.

**As discovered in the files of George McMurray*

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ly to $1.25, it will lead to demands to maintain existing differentials, and so force up the bulk of other wage-rates and labor costs.

Longer and bigger unemployment benefit payments reduce the pressure on union leaders from their own ranks to consent to adjust wage-rates to more realistic levels at which higher employment would be encouraged. Higher payroll taxes, to pay for the blessings of extended Social Security benefits, are a further penalty on employment.

The way to increase employment is to increase the incentives to those who provide employment—namely, the employers. This is an idea that does not yet seem to have occurred to the Administration.

What tax incentives is it giving to corporations, for example, to offset the heavier costs it is imposing on them? The most obvious incentive it could give would be to allow more generous depreciation allowances, in accordance with the recent trend throughout Europe, to encourage the maximum investment in new plants. As experience has shown, this would not in the long run reduce but increase government revenues, because it would increase investment, employment, productivity and profits. The only loss in government revenues would come in the first year or two, when the new investment was undertaken and new employment provided. But the Kennedy Administration, shortsightedly, argues that it cannot afford this, and has offered only a niggardly, inequitable and unrealistic substitute.

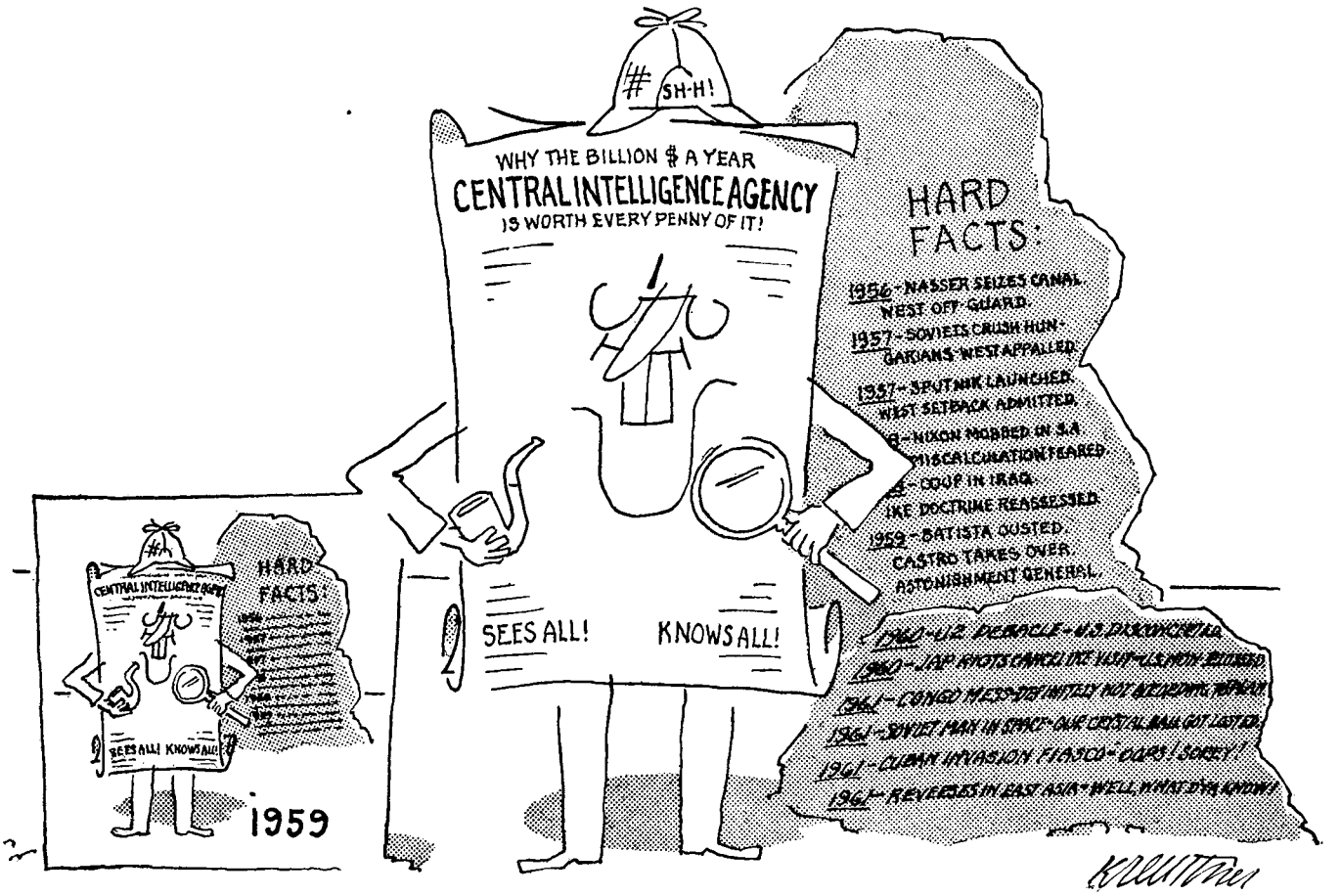
To nullify even this concession, it proposes not only to continue the burdensome 52 per cent corporate income tax rate, but to reduce allowable expense deductions, to eliminate the dividend credit, and otherwise to make things more discouraging for corporations and their shareholders.

What was striking in the corporation reports for 1960 was lower net income after taxes compared with the year before, even though there were often higher or record gross sales last year. The difference was caused largely by higher labor costs.

The Administration has yet to see the connection between low profits and low employment.

2 + 2 × Reston = 3

Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times* has heaped scorn (May 5, 1961) upon Senator Goldwater, whom he accuses of the very large sin of total illogicality. Sinful it is for a politician to be inconsistent beyond the considerable demands of public office, more sin-



"How do I look now?"

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ful for a journalist unreasoningly to denounce a mere politician for unreason. Senator Goldwater *has* to endorse the candidacies of such as Senators Case and Javits, a philosophical inconsistency understandable only in the light of the transcendent requirements of the political party system. But who requires Reston to pursue an illusory illogic, with illogic?

"[*Goldwater*] *is encouraging the paradoxical belief that somehow it is possible to decrease the power of the Federal government, cut the budget, and be tougher on the Communists all at the same time . . . It is a fantastic catalogue of contradictions . . . His greatest weakness now is that he is trying to cut down the Communists and cut down the budget.*"

Waal, why not? There are those who believe every increase in the size of the Federal Government increases our security against the Soviet Union, and there are others, of more disciplined mind—more like Barry Goldwater—who acknowledge no necessary correlation between the two. In the name of national security, all kinds of extra-military, or paramilitary, hypocrisies and subterfuges are advanced. We think, for instance, of the humbug National Defense Education Act, Liberalism's answer to Sputnik, under whose provisions, *e.g.*, Howard University, a Negro college near Washington, was granted last year $100,000 toward a new dormitory for its Cooking School. As we remarked at the time, it is difficult to relate Sputnik and this grant unless it contemplated that our astronauts will take along Negro cooks. Mr. Goldwater does not see that federal aid to Howard University's Cooking School is connected with the national security, and the pity of it is that such vocal men as Mr. Reston do not recognize it either; do not recognize that what we need, and have always needed, is not so much another $20 billion dollars' worth of technological gook, as another two bits' worth of understanding, and nerve, and ingenuity.

Let Mr. Reston reflect on the scene in the White House a few weeks ago, where Mr. Kennedy sat at the controls of the most dazzling military and economic machine that an Affluent Society could buy him, while a few miles from our coastline a few thousand bearded fanatics routed the pathetic challenge to Soviet power in the Caribbean. No, the answer to the Soviet threat is not federal aid to depressed areas like New York, not sit-ins in Angola by Peace Corpsmen, not bigger government spending for middle-income housing developments. Less government and more effective anti-Communism are not mutually exclusive, and one must be grateful that there are those who do understand this. Mr. Reston needs to learn something about Paradox, and the uses and misuses thereof. We shall be glad to recommend a book or two, if he will approach us.

To Tax and to Destroy

The Timken Roller Bearing Company has sued the United States for $1.2 million—the sum of taxes and interest collected by the Internal Revenue Service by refusing to allow Timken a deduction for certain advertisements it ran in the years 1951-1954. They were what Madison Avenue calls "institutional" ads: plugging no particular product, flashing the Timken name, and publishing various messages that Timken thought were in the public interest and likely to engage the good will of the public. Timken, however, made the mistake of lending its name to that horrible thing called conservatism.

The ads spoke out on inflation, wasteful government spending, labor relations, the rights of citizens, Communism, local community affairs, taxation, and government policies and practices unrelated to legislation or political elections. (Ads related to legislation or candidates are considered lobbying; Timken knew there's no deduction for lobbying.)

Well, the tax hounds barked that these ads were not reasonable and necessary business expenses. Timken responds by observing that the general environment in which business as we know it must be carried on does indeed include such things as individual liberty, tolerable taxes, unintrusive government, economic policies directly opposed to those of Communism, and labor unions with something less than total control of corporate life.

Timken should win this suit, for the IRS position is stupid and dangerous. It illustrates the coercive and censorial powers implicit in the tax law—powers greatly magnified by the high tax rates. The IRS position implicitly denies the need of business to exist in a benign environment (we did *not* say *laissez-faire*). In denying that Timken could create good will by espousing conservative ideals, it denies that there is such a thing as a conservative public in this country. It substitutes the judgment of the IRS for the judgment of business management.

And the IRS position is downright silly. If you get a deduction for contributions to foundations that preach free enterprise, why can't you get a deduction for preaching it yourself? If you can get a deduction by showing a curvy dame in a Bikini lolling by a stack of undifferentiated roller bearings, why can't you get the same treatment for a public message over the name Timken? If American Telephone & Telegraph gets a deduction with ads telling little stories of the Good Samaritan deeds of the telephone linemen, why can't Timken get the same treatment for describing the social conditions that make such deeds meaningful?

Maybe the trouble arises because what Timken said made such good sense. The hidden nerve of some jellyfish in Washington was jangled once too

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often. It might never have happened if Timken had restricted itself to such reasonable messages as, for instance, "Freedom, because . . ."

The Mineola Two

Two instructors at Nassau Community College, in Mineola, N.Y., have been dropped from the faculty. Sanford B. Knapp and John McAree, advisers to the campus Conservative Club, have been under constant surveillance and criticism by the administration because of their conservative activities.

Mr. Knapp insists that their dismissal is a result of Conservative Club activities such as the showing of *Operation Abolition,* and of the position he has taken in public debates, *i.e.*, that the United Nations serves at times as a cloak for Communist aggression. "On every major campus in the country," he says, "anyone who backs a Liberal viewpoint has the cloak of immunity. Why not us?" The administration, on the other hand, says the instructors are being dismissed because they "failed to measure up to professional standards which Nassau Community College expects of its faculty."

There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the students, however, that this is simply a case of political retribution. On the day following the announcement of Knapp's and McAree's dismissal, some 220 of the college's 350 students signed a protest petition. A previous incident also sheds light on the charge of "incompetence." When several Liberal students protested the conservative activities of Knapp and McAree, they were told that the only way to get rid of them was to show them up as incompetent teachers.

One student so testified, and Mr. Knapp was in danger of losing his position—until he produced a Christmas card from the same student, in which she and her husband, also a teacher, praised him for a unique classroom experience. The Dean, red-faced, dropped all charges against Mr. Knapp and assured him that he would be rehired the following semester.

Has the administration now found a student willing to testify, who did *not* send an appreciative Christmas card several months earlier? The President and the Dean of the college, to be taken seriously, must offer substantial proof of the incompetence of Knapp and McAree, something they have so far failed to do. Until then, conservatives have every obligation to raise the banner of "academic freedom."

A start has been made with the announcement that a Committee to Defend Anti-Communist Teachers, composed of groups such as the Young Americans for Freedom and the Crusade for America, will hold a giant rally at 8:30 PM, May 31, at the Garden City Hotel, Garden City, N.Y. Guests of honor: Sanford B. Knapp and John McAree.

For the Record

Fidel Castro's May Day statements (no elections for Cubans, and Cuba is a Socialist state) backfired among usually leftist student circles in Latin America. It provoked anti-Fidelista strikes and demonstrations in Venezuela and Costa Rica. . . . Diplomatic sources say government leaders in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, despite official disapproval of abortive Cuban invasion, hoped it would succeed. . . . Circulating CIA, a parody on Paul Revere's Ride, called "Bissell's Fizzle" (after Richard Bissell, the man in charge of the Cuban operation).

Katanga strong man, Interior Minister Godefroi Munongo, says Kasavubu arrested the wrong man when he took Tshombe into custody. Says Munongo: "I have always believed that Katanga's sovereignty should be absolute. I will never give in even if the United Nations uses force." . . . When South Kasai President Kalonji arrived at Coquilhatville he had entourage of 60, including an official serreur de mains (hand-shaker). . . . Portuguese authorities plan to have 25,000 troops in Angola by end of May. The pre-revolt garrison was 7,000.

Heard in the press gallery a week ago Friday, as Commander Alan Shepard climbed out of space capsule: "Thank God the State Department and CIA had nothing to do with this." . . . Project Mercury, which sent Shepard into space, has cost $400 million—$2.25 for each man, woman and child in America. . . . Big May 7-8 Oslo disarmament parley a flop. Of the headliners who signed up as sponsors (Albert Schweitzer, Bertrand Russell, Philip Noel-Baker, etc.), only one internationally-known figure turned up, Dr. Linus Pauling. . . . Reports persist that Adlai Stevenson has been shouldered out of Kennedy's team of personal advisers, which may mean he won't be around to drop the ball for the United States when the UN General Assembly reconvenes this fall.

Reprints now available of M. Stanton Evans' "Just Who's Distorting What?", a discussion of Operation Abolition. (15¢ a single copy, 100 for $10.00.)

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National Trends

Bobby in the Black Belt

ROBERT PARKER

Until a fortnight ago, Prince Edward County was commonly reckoned one of the NAACP's worst mistakes. Its school desegregation suit against the small community in Virginia's Black Belt dated from 1951; the county's case was one of those decided by the Supreme Court on May 17, 1954. Yet what results had a decade of litigation yielded? Faced with a choice between integrated schools or no schools in the spring of 1959, Prince Edward chose to abandon public education. For 1,400 white children that meant transferring to a private school system held in readiness for several years. For the county's 1,750 Negro children, however, that drastic step meant the end of all education.

During the past two years, even the most sympathetic observers have questioned the NAACP's willingness to sacrifice the schooling of so many children; it has been suggested that the NAACP ought to concentrate on winning less costly "victories."

Then the Attorney General of the United States announced that he intended to make this seeming lost cause his own. Washington's decision to intervene was hardly a surprise. But what jolted Virginians, and made observers everywhere doubt their estimate of the NAACP's strategy in Prince Edward, was the astonishing scope of the injunction sought by Robert F. Kennedy. He demanded that the State of Virginia be enjoined from supporting public schools in any of the state's 97 counties and 32 independent cities so long as public schools were not maintained in Prince Edward. He demanded that state and local tuition grants made available to pupils attending private schools in the county be halted. And he demanded that state and local officials be enjoined "from failing or refusing to maintain" a system of free public schools in the county.

Not since Ulysses S. Grant scribbled his surrender demands from Farmville, Prince Edward's county seat, had the South faced such a federal ultimatum. David Lawrence, the South's loyal friend in the court of public opinion, took the measure of the power sought. "To tell a state how it must appropriate its funds, how it must set up its own system of education, and what steps it must take to satisfy the Federal Government's demands is unprecedented in American history." But after the initial gasp of astonishment Virginians remembered that not even a Kennedy always gets all he asks.

Actually, at least as important as the injunction was the asking of it. For the first time, the Justice Department claimed authority to intervene in a desegregation suit as a full-fledged plaintiff, even though Congress had specifically denied such authority in civil rights legislation. If that claim were upheld, what happened in Prince Edward would not be nearly so important as what the NAACP could cause to happen elsewhere with the assistance of a federal ally. The burdensome expense of drawn-out litigation would shift from the NAACP to the U.S. Treasury. Southern officials named as defendants in civil rights cases would find all the resources and power of the Federal Government arrayed against them. Prince Edward could provide the key to many doors in Dixie that seemed forever barred to the NAACP.

But, first, the county's defenses must be broken. They rest on a pair of assumptions: That nothing in state or federal law compels the county to maintain public schools if it chooses not to; and that neither the state nor the county is guilty of discrimination if it makes tuition grants from tax funds available to every child attending a private, non-sectarian school.

Upon these pillars rests the Prince Edward Educational Foundation, a good and steadily improving private school system. Early this summer, it will open a new, 550-pupil academy. It means to stay in business. That is why it turned away from voluntary financing after the first year and warily accepted state tuition grants —$150 a year for high school students, $125 for elementary pupils—as the only apparent means of permanent support. To these state grants are added $100 county tuition payments. In addition, contributions to private schools up to 25 per cent of one's county tax liability are deductible.

These grants may be indispensable to the Prince Edward private school system. At any rate, they are being tested in a situation unlike that which the General Assembly had in mind when it conceived them in 1959. It was assumed then that Virginia's "freedom of choice" tuition plan would operate in a community where public schools continued to function after desegregation occurred. Such is the case in Charlottesville, where private and public schools operate side by side. Pupils there are indeed free to choose an integrated public school or a segregated private one.

In Prince Edward, of course, there is no such choice. Negro parents have rebuffed white offers to help in establishing a private system. They want their public schools reopened, first of all, and they want the benefits of integration which the NAACP has been preaching these many years. The whites, up to the time of Bobby's bombshell, were edging toward yielding the former. A school budget was prepared raising the possibility that classroom space for 1,800 children might be reopened next year. The move stemmed from genuine sympathy for the Negroes' plight and the advice of counsel, who doubtless saw a gain for his defense argument if choice between educational alternatives were established in the county.

With their backs up, the segregationist county supervisors now insist they aren't "about to consider" reopening any of the schools. The truth is, the county probably would assume the burden of reopening the thirteen Negro schools if it thought it would result in an accommodation with the NAACP. But the possibility of such a compromise has now all but vanished. The Negro youngsters of Prince Edward, who seemed martyrs to the NAACP's own haste so very recently, are now the splendid excuse for burying that bothersome relic and obstacle, state sovereignty.

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Special Report

Treachery at Coquilhatville

PHILIPPA SCHUYLER

The inside story of Moise Tshombe's capture in Coquilhatville is that it was planned that way—from the start. The background of the Coquilhatville conference is this. President Joseph Kasavubu was deeply in debt to Tshombe, in a way which the world did not realize: because Tshombe had taken the rap for him over Lumumba's death.

I made an extensive investigation of the whole Lumumba case in the Congo in March. My findings were: 1. Katanga had not wanted to accept Lumumba when Kasavubu sent him there. 2. Kasavubu insisted on sending Lumumba to Elizabethville because he knew that Lumumba was near death owing to mistreatment by Kasavubu. 3. Lumumba died on the plane en route to Katanga on January 18, from a combination of heart failure, beatings, unhealed wounds and months of abuse. 4. Photographs taken of Lumumba's arrival in Elizabethville were really shots of Lumumba's two wounded companions and Lumumba's corpse. 5. Lumumba's body was kept in a deepfreeze while Tshombe and his advisers considered how best to conceal the true facts.

Having taken the blame for Lumumba's death, Tshombe was in a position to force a reluctant Kasavubu to take part in the Tananarive Conference in Madagascar March 8. Ironically, as it turns out, Kasavubu was so frightened that he would be seized and held as hostage en route to Tananarive that when he arrived at the Elizabethville airport it took infinite pleading and persuasion to get him to leave the plane.

At Tananarive, Kasavubu agreed to confederation as the only solution for the Congo, but his reluctance was obvious. A cunning politician and a nationalist, he didn't like anything about a plan which would set him up as the figurehead leader of a Congo Republic in which Moise Tshombe and the heads of the other quasi-independent states would wield the actual power. His objections were particularly understandable in view of the fact that since a Congo Constitution had not been written when Kasavubu was named president in June 1960, there were no limits to his powers—other than what he could make them. He noted further, and with anger, that it was Moise Tshombe who took the initiative and made the decisions. And to his growing jealousy was added the spur of fear. Tshombe knew too much about Kasavubu, too much about Lumumba's death: he was both a rival and a danger.

This, then, was the background of the Coquilhatville conference which opened three weeks ago. To it came President Moise Tshombe of Katanga, the unchallenged leader of a unified, solvent state. To it came President Joseph Kasavubu of the Congo Republic, leader of a chaotic government operating hopelessly in the red. Inexcusably in the red, for while Katanga is far and away the richest province of the Congo, the balance of the country is not without resources. There are gold and tin mines in Oriental and Kivu provinces, diamond mines in Kasai. Equateur and Léopoldville have significant agricultural possibilities. But it takes order and industry and hard work and leadership to keep these things going, and this neither Kasavubu nor the United Nations have provided. Even so, Kasavubu might have been willing to agree to Katanga's autonomy had he been certain that he would thereby get a handsome cut in Katanga's fortune. But Katanga's leaders and people, not unnaturally, want to keep their money; and Tshombe was unlikely to dole out more than starvation rations. The discords that rend the Congo are many and deep, including age-old tribal feuds, racism and ideological conflicts. But so is the money of the *Union Minière* a cause of discord.

Kasavubu planned the Coquilhatville conference as a trap, to lure the supremely self-confident Tshombe to enemy territory, to get him out of the way. First, he made a deal with the United Nations, agreeing to allow the UN to reorganize the Congolese army (which meant purging Katanga's army of its foreign legion) and to force the ouster of "undesirable foreigners" (*i.e.*, the Belgian administrators who have helped keep Katanga going). He must then, have won over Albert Kalonji, President of South Kasai, friend and ally of Tshombe in the fight for a Congolese federation. Note that Kalonji, although an outspoken secessionist, has not been arrested or even threatened. Kalonji is a man of vast ambitions, a fast-talking demagogue who recently crowned himself King of the Kasai Balubas. His alliance with Tshombe was one of convenience; to be broken when a better offer came.

What comes next? I would predict that Tshombe like Lumumba will disappear. Probably he will be murdered, while the United Nations and the West, whose interests are identical to his own, look the other way. But Tshombe's eclipse does not mean the end for Katanga.

Behind Tshombe are four men. Interior Minister Godefroi Munongo, a 35-year-old graduate of Louvain University, a grandson of Msiri, the great Emperor of Katanga, a shrewd and tough administrator, the man who asked a few questions of his own at the time of Lumumba's death *(Did the UN worry about the killing of King Faisal of Iraq? the millions of Russians exterminated in Russia? About General Maleter and Imre Nagy in Hungary?)*; King Antoine Muenda-Munongo, brother of Godefroi, King of the powerful Bayeke tribe, Katanga's Secretary of State; King Mwata Yamvo, who is Tshombe's father-in-law, a Lunda chieftain, and Crown Prince Bonaventure Makonga, Minister of Foreign Trade, philosopher and author, heir to the Baluba throne. These four, between them, are the acknowledged leaders of the Bayeke, Lunda and Baluba peoples who constitute the population of Katanga. These four, two Kings and two Princes, have no intention of allowing Katanga to fall into the same chaos as the Congo. But it may mean a bloody war between Katanga and a Congo government now supported by the UN.

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How to Solve the Farm Problem

Is the nation saddled for all time with a multi-billion-dollar farm problem? The author suggests an ingenious and politically feasible solution.

ROBERT HANEY SCOTT

The farm bill sent to Congress on February 16 presents the first definite indication of the approach of the Kennedy Administration to the farm problem. Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman and his economic adviser, Professor Willard W. Cochrane, offered a program radically different from that recommended by former Secretary of Agriculture Ezra T. Benson—but Benson was forced by Congress to administer a program not to his liking, and the new program being offered contains little or nothing that is different from past programs approved by Congress. Taken as a unit, it is simply a composite of past programs—programs hardly known for their success. Something new is needed.

In November 1960, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress published a report entitled "Economic Policies for Agriculture in the 1960s: Implications of Four Selected Alternatives." This report was prepared by five competent agricultural economists. However, the "alternatives" considered in the report were assigned to the economists, through no fault of their own, on the basis of "political feasibility"; a criterion that largely rules out anything very new. And the seeds of Freeman's legislative proposals may be found in the Report's pages.

Unfortunately, an unjustifiable aura of complexity clouds the farm problem and leads many commentators to concede that they do not understand it. In essence, the problem and the programs developed to solve it are quite simple. First, it seems curious that overproduction creates a "problem." One normally considers abundance a blessing; no doubt the Communist Chinese now facing the specter of famine would agree. Why, then, is the blessing of a bountiful food supply called a "problem"? Because technological advances leading to increased productivity create the old and familiar problem of technological unemployment. Unlike labor unions of an earlier day, farmers do not resist the beneficial advances in productivity. But this means that while the large and flexible farm operations continue to hold their own, the smaller inefficient farms face steadily declining incomes. As in all cases where machines replace men, the men must change occupations if the community is to enjoy the benefits the machines provide. Of course, farm technology improves not only with better machines, but also with better fertilizer, better hybrids, and better care of the soil. Each of these has the same effect in reducing the amount of labor and land necessary to produce a given quantity of product. Thus, the "problem" is a readjustment problem that certain individuals face, rather than a general economic problem faced by the community.

Are Price Supports Necessary?

It is sometimes argued that farm income fluctuates wildly up and down from year to year, and that price supports are, therefore, necessary to achieve stability in farm income. This, however, is an erroneous argument. It would be easy enough to stabilize farm prices from year to year simply by purchasing some product in bumper years and selling it off in less fruitful years. But it is difficult for the authorities to stabilize prices at a given level in the face of what would be a declining trend originating from increasing productivity. In this case they are always on the buying side and never on the selling side of their stabilizing maneuver.

It is also argued, at times, that as the income of society increases, people spend a smaller proportion of their income on food and other farm commodities, and therefore, farm income tends to fall as the economy grows. This argument is erroneous too. It only means that farm income grows *less rapidly* than incomes in other sectors of the economy. It does *not* mean that farm income declines.

It is clear, then, that the problem is basically a problem of readjustment, and it is also clear that the programs designed to solve the problem are operating at cross-purposes. They are designed to maintain high prices for farm products, thus encouraging rather than discouraging more rapid introduction of technological improvements and greater utilization of resources and manpower in the production of farm commodities.

The programs legislated by Congress to "help" the farmer are easily understood too, if one abstracts from extraneous jargon. Principally, they take two forms, a) restrictions on production, and b) pegging of prices by government purchase and storage. For example, the recent Freeman-Cochrane proposal for corn and other feed grains illustrates the combined use of these programs.

First, it asks farmers to reduce the acreage devoted to feed grains by 20 per cent of the average acreage in the years 1959 and 1960. Both the Soil Bank and the Conservation Reserve programs restrict acreage too. Similarly, wheat farmers, tobacco growers and others have acreage allotments that limit the number of acres of land that each individual farmer may devote to these crops. Thus, if acreage is cut, presumably corn production will decline. If the decline in production causes corn prices to rise, the producer of corn may be better off, or worse off, or his position may be unchanged. He has less to sell and he gets a higher price for it. Whether he is better off or worse off depends upon the relationship between the change in his output and the change in price.

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Under the Soil Bank it turned out that production failed to decline significantly. Presumably, farmers more intensively cultivated the remaining land and all but produced the same amount. Professor Cochrane estimated that production of feed grains might decline by 10 per cent under the proposed 20 per cent reduction in acreage. Thus, if prices increase by 10 per cent while output declines by 10 per cent, gross returns to the farmer will be unchanged. If prices rise by more than 10 per cent, the farmer will be better off—if less, worse off.

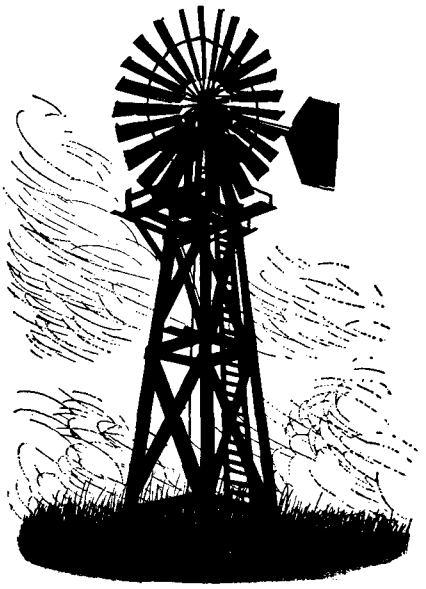
Reduce Acreage

Of course, farmers dislike accepting cuts in acreage. Therefore, they must be induced to accept them. The Soil Bank program provided for payments to those who put some land into the "Bank." Similarly, under the Freeman-Cochrane proposal farmers will be paid 60 per cent of the gross value of the crop that they would have grown on the retired land. In addition, they will be guaranteed a higher price.

At the same time acreage is restricted, the corn support price level is to be increased from $1.06 to $1.20, an increase of just over 13 per cent. When this is combined with an estimated 10 per cent reduction in output, it appears that the typical farmer might gain a 3 per cent increase in gross income, and a slightly larger percentage increase in net income, from sales of the product. Professor Cochrane estimated that the combined effect of direct payments and higher prices might yield an increase in gross income of 10 to 20 per cent. This is for producing 10 per cent less output.

The support price of $1.20 will be maintained by government purchases and storage of excess quantities of corn that cannot be sold on the free market at that price. If, because of the reduced supply of corn, the free market price rises to $1.20 or above, then it will not be necessary for the government to enter the market for corn.

At whose expense is the farmer made better off? Quite obviously, the consumer bears part of the burden. He has less product to consume and must pay a higher price for what he does get. In addition, the taxpayer



suffers as the farmer receives direct payments from the government for retiring land from production. The taxpayer suffers further to the extent that the government must purchase supplies of commodities in excess of those taken by the market at the pegged price. If the free market price rises to the support level without government support purchases, then the taxpayer's burden is lighter, but the consumer's burden is heavier. The incidence of the burden rests on one group or the other.

It is also pertinent to ask which farmers receive the income given up by consumers and taxpayers? If net farm income rises by say 15 per cent, a farmer now earning $1,000 annually will, in effect, receive a subsidy of $150. The farmer currently earning $10,000 will receive a subsidy of $1,500. Thus, the bulk of the subsidy goes to make the already well-off farmer more well-off, and the poor farmer is still poor.

A third program, recurrently suggested but now used only to subsidize wool producers, is the Brannan Plan. Other countries make more use of this program than does the United States. In England, for example, a government truck picks up eggs each week from all the producers, large and small, who have been given egg production permits. The producer receives a check from the government in an amount equal to about four shillings a dozen. The truck delivers the eggs to a handling point where they enter the wholesale market. Eventually, the consumer buys the eggs from the local shop for say three shillings a dozen. This market price fluctuates seasonally concomitant with the fecundity of hens.

Taxpayers pay the whole of this subsidy, and if the subsidy encourages egg production so that the market price falls below what it should have been without the subsidy, the taxpayer pays not only a subsidy to the producer, but also a subsidy to the consumer. This program has merit if the objective is to encourage production without letting the income of producers fall. Furthermore, the tax cost indicates the precise cost of the subsidy, unlike the other two programs in which the extent of the subsidy is unknown because it is paid through higher prices.

Before considering an alternative to these programs, it is necessary to be precise about our objective. Objectives, of course, are based upon value judgments that each individual must be allowed to make for himself upon whatever criteria he likes to choose. In political speeches many congressmen say, "we need to help the farmer in order to maintain the small family farm as a way of life." Others say, "the farmer is becoming poor, and therefore, he needs help." In England they want to encourage self-sufficiency in domestic food production in order to be able to protect themselves against possible disruption of trade such as occurred during World War II.

Return to Free Market

Let us assume, then, that the objectives are a) to bring about a readjustment that will enable manpower to leave the farm in order to reduce surpluses of commodities, and b) to prevent poverty on the farm as the readjustment takes place, and c) to maintain the family farm as a "way of life."

To achieve these objectives the first thing that must be done is to permit the prices of farm commodities to fall to a free market level. This will cause farm income to fall, it is true. But in a private enterprise economy as long as incomes are high in a field of effort, there will be no incentive for anyone to leave. Thus it must be done, unless private enterprise is to be abandoned.

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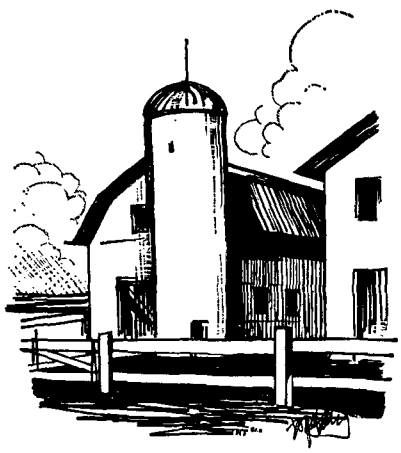
If this is done, it is clear that a large number of farmers now called "marginal"—those barely existing on their small acreages—will be poverty-stricken. Are these the farmers who should leave the farm? Not necessarily. If they are marginal now, they probably would be marginal in other pursuits as well. These farmers should be helped not only because we have a moral obligation to help the poor, but also because the government has artificially maintained the



prices of farm goods and has, thereby, induced many to choose farming as a way of life. It would be unjust to pull the rug out from under them.

Give $500 a year outright to each farmer, each farmer's wife and each farm laborer. This program would cost about $2 billion a year, considerably less than the $5 billion spent in recent years. At the same time remove all crop restrictions and price support programs. With a thousand dollars a year plus whatever they can get from selling their wares, the marginal farmer and his wife will be as well off as they now are. It is the wealthier farmer who will feel the pinch of a declining income. It is also he who is best able to adjust to this new environment.

Of course, the price supports must be reduced gradually, and in no case should the government dump its holdings of surplus commodities onto the market as this would disrupt the orderly return to equilibrium. Later on, these surpluses could be used to combat the sort of instability in farm income described above.

Another must: much more must be done to achieve high levels of employment in the economy so that those dislocated may have ample opportunity of finding other outlets for their saleable resources.

If all of the marginal producers were to be induced to leave the farm in order to reduce the "excess" supply of farmers, as some policy formulators suggest, there would be an imperceptible reduction in output. The surpluses can be eliminated only if some of the big producers are induced to alter their habits too.

It is sometimes argued that prices of farm commodities would fall to practically nothing if acreage restrictions and price supports were abandoned. But, if these were removed gradually, the consumption and export demand for several billion bushels of grain each year would surely keep prices high enough to enable quite a number of farmers to remain in business at a profit. Fear of a wholesale collapse of prices is highly unwarranted.

The suggestion that controls and supports be gradually removed sounds reminiscent of pronouncements by former Secretary of Agriculture Benson. But, the suggestion of complementing these removals with direct lump-sum payments to farmers, regardless of what they produce, was not among Benson's proposals. While Benson saw that farm income would decline under his proposals, what he failed to see was that the government must bear part of the responsibility for having gotten the farmer into production through artificial stimulation, and therefore, the farmer deserves a tithe to tide him over if the inducement is to be removed.

In summary: 1) the Freeman-Cochrane proposals are old hat; 2) farm income must decline if the surplus problem is to be solved—particularly that of wealthy farmers who have been receiving highly inequitable "gifts" in the disguised form of artificially maintained high prices; 3) higher levels of employment and growth of the general economy are required to facilitate readjustment; 4) the government bears responsibility for poverty on the farm that results from its acts, and 5) direct gifts unrelated to production are the best means of meeting the government's responsibility.

In conclusion, it seems strange that the farm community, the last bastion of the competitive system in its purest sense, should be one of the first sectors of the economy saddled with direct controls. (Public utilities, of course, have always been controlled —even Adam Smith recognized the necessity for this.) The present programs are poor candidates if it's a way of life we wish to preserve. A system of direct payments, however, leaves this inviolate. It is time for us to worry less about political feasibility and make more use of our knowledge of economics. It contains a great deal of support for the implementation of a direct lump-sum payments program.

Hardly Sporting

"The President played golf yesterday for the fifth day in a row." —*New York Post*

I'll learn to live with Harvard;
I'll stomach Mother Rose;
When Goldberg calls on Reuther,
I'll simply hold my nose.
With Schlesinger and Galbraith,
I'll turn the other cheek;
Why man, I'll even cotton to
The Frank Sinatra clique.
I'll go the extra mile, Jack;
I'll play the *philosophe,*
But please, by all that's holy . . .
Not four more years of golf!

W. H. VON DREELE

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Letter from France

The Generals' Revolt: Aftermath

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

This seems an opportune moment to consider the democratic restoration in Free Europe, especially in France. Reinstituted in 1945 by a victorious coalition—it was also a coalition which put back the Bourbons in 1815—it is bound to disappear eventually. That this will happen rather sooner than later seems clear when one considers the circumstances of its birth. The revolt of the generals in Algeria, had it succeeded, would have meant sudden death of democracy in France. Under the circumstances, the road being followed is more circuitous, the disintegration process slower, more organic.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Aurore, the nationalist right-wing daily loyal to de Gaulle, was correct in pointing out both the insanity of those Army men who nearly plunged the country into civil war, and also their basic good faith. A man like General Challe is simply not an egocentric careerist. His behavior was probably beyond the comprehension of Americans and Englishmen who consider obedience and bravery to be the soldier's noblest virtues. This is not so on the Continent. The Austrians awarded their highest military decoration, the *Maria-Theresian-Orden,* only for courageous acts performed contrary to or without orders. When, in 1938, the German military attaché to London implored the British not to negotiate with Hitler so that the German Army might have a chance to arrest and try him, His Majesty's trusted civil servants regarded the attaché as either a madman or the perpetrator of some kind of sinister plot, and Neville Chamberlin flew to Germany.

The motives of the rebellious French generals were both national and international in character. They thought de Gaulle would surrender all power in Algeria to the FLN which would lead to a "congolization" of North Africa and eventual Soviet control of the area. They saw Europe lost if and when Mers-el-Kebir and Bône became Soviet bases, a development which is quite possible if the FLN is given *carte blanche.* The generals also had a vision of what would happen if the proposed population exchange (*colons* going to France and Algerian workers returing to their native land) actually took place. As an immediate result, Algeria would be plunged into bottomless economic misery and France would move swiftly along the road to nationalist totalitarianism spearheaded by the tough *colons,* who would seek revenge on the government which had exiled them from *their* native land.

It is still questionable whether de Gaulle really is ready to liquidate the entire French position in North Africa. I believe he is not. As there exists a "Kremlinology" which tries to forecast Soviet policies, so also is there a highly concentrated endeavor to pierce the mind of de Gaulle which is eternally shrouded in mysterious verbal configurations. De Gaulle is considered one of the greatest living masters of the French language; his works are an excellent example of Talleyrand's statement that speech has been given man in order that he might dissimulate his thoughts. De Gaulle is a past master at sublime generalities. Going the rounds in Paris these days is a long mimeographed essay by a professor who goes one step further: he accuses de Gaulle of not only ambiguities and vacuities, but also of endless contradictions. It is a sign of the times that this piece cannot find a publisher. The humor magazine, *Le Canard Enchaîné,* features occasional biting caricatures of de Gaulle, but here the line seems to be drawn.

The generals failed to maintain their hold on Algeria because they could not conquer Metropolitan France. As in 1958, the Revolution had to reach Paris or fail. What foundered last month was a conspiracy of desperate patriots—a conspiracy directed not against the abstraction of *La Republique,* but against the *mystique* of a single man—a monarchist, militarist and a nobleman who is also pronouncedly Catholic. This "victory of democracy over fascism (as some highly naive observers might label this historic event) has resulted in the head of the French State being constitutionally granted dictatorial powers, powers which he may not quickly relinquish. Caesar, after all, was also the acknowledged leader of the "democratic faction." The fact that the *Chambre* has not been dissolved is of very minor importance; the Roman Senate continued to meet until the last days of the Empire. Neither does dictatorship imply the end of civil liberties nor the advent of totalitarianism nor even, necessarily, the end of the republican form of government. It merely terminates majority control, either for the moment or for some time to come.

The Algerian military coup certainly has been a blow to French prestige, though the effects of this blow should not be exaggerated. Although de Gaulle's *mystique* is considerable, his authority (in the deepest sense of the term) is not. Authority, everywhere in Europe, is now at its lowest ebb. Franz Joseph had authority. Leo XIII, though a prisoner in the Vatican, had authority. But today authority is being replaced by sheer power, by enthusiasm or by a consent shot through with mental reservations. De Gaulle's *mystique,* however, is supplemented by constitutional power which cannot be easily revoked. Montesquieu has said that republics live by virtue and monarchies by clemency. Will de Gaulle use the terrible sword of the French legal system (always carried away by prejudice and passion) on the misguided patriots? And what of Algeria? If he is clever he can "use" the Great Insubordination at the Evian negotiations. He can make of it Exhibit A, demonstrating to FLN extremists and professional anti-colonialists alike that there are certain limits beyond which his French will not go in their willingness to compromise or to sell out.

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The Third World War

From the Southeast Asian Theater

JAMES BURNHAM

Manila

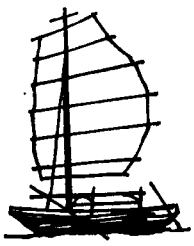
These sprawling mass-cities of the East are impossible to capture by the indirect stratagem of words. The sensory mixture is too diversely rich, and too novel for a Westerner's perception, to be reduced to trim categories. Like all the others, Manila has burst at every seam in the past two decades: from 600,000 before the war to more than two million today: there are people everywhere — you are never alone. Because of the underemployment endemic in Asia, Africa and Latin America, thousands and tens of thousands of them are doing nothing (as a Westerner would define "nothing"); standing about, sitting, laughing (the Filipinos laugh a great deal, with immense charm), shoving, looking, pointing.

"Today," wrote a columnist of the *Manila Times* this morning, "people not only dump their garbage on the pavement—but steal the garbage receptacles on the sidewalks. Even restaurants dump their garbage on the sidewalks." The graft, too, is so pervasive as to be visible to the sense as well as the mind; so thoroughly imbedded from top to lowest level that it is really no longer an individual trait but an integral mode of the economic system. (Our four hundred policemen, the newspaper in the suburb of Panay commented the other day, have not been paid for eight months, but from duty and love of their work they have continued cheerfully on the job. At drinks last night in a Panay house, the host pointed wryly to the privately-paid security guard at the gate of the strongly-walled garden.)

These cities have spread without plan or form under the swelling pressure of the gravitating countrymen and the babies whom modern hygiene permits, or forces, to live. Districts of tin can and cardboard huts stretch out from jammed streets of stores and soft drink parlors. There are no tall buildings here, but the edifices of government, the embassies, insurance companies, and the universities —a half dozen in Manila, with huge enrollments—provide the public grandeur. Across the central park or mall, along the water, the large, white new U.S. Embassy, with the exterior screen that is the mark of Edward D. Stone, rises opposite my window in the old Manila Hotel that is still the active center for the affairs of the city as well as of the foreign visitors.

Out from the park, on over the twenty-five-mile radius of the great bay, you can just see the shadowy outline of Corregidor, and to its right, across a narrow gap, the beginning of the line of jungled mountains of the Bataan Peninsula, and the Death March. Corregidor, too—which at the beginning of December 1941 was all trim lawn, neat, miles-long barracks, handsome headquarters with baroque facade from the Spanish days, parade ground and tennis courts—is jungle now, except for a dirt road that struggles past the concrete skeletons of the barracks, the rusted mortars and giant rifles, the ruined Spanish facade, on into the tunnel where the last terrible stand was made. Corregidor is being blotted out even from memory, it would seem. There live on it now only the two lighthouse keepers, and three or four young Filipino soldiers and their families.

There is no sort of routine boat one takes for the long trip from the city. You must make your own arrangement, and then you are likely to find, as we did, that a moderately heavy wind would smash your hull to pulp if you went into the coarse cement platform jutting a few yards out from a high pier. (We finally managed by pulling in on the lee side, where there was no platform, and improvising a ladder from the deck, that was bobbing five feet up and down, to the pier deck, where the smiling young soldiers held it in line as best they could. It was rather like scaling the wall of a medieval castle. If the voters of Connecticut see the photographs taken by Senator Dodd's aide David Martin, they may get the notion that in Thomas Dodd, who was one of our five-man scaling party, they elected an acrobat.)



East-West Bridge

The Philippine Republic, with all its paradoxes of newly-gained independence and economic inadequacy, is by no means a minor factor in this region. With 27 million inhabitants today, 40 million probably by 1970, it is the largest nation of Southeast Asia except for Indonesia. Its economic growth rate, though these figures are not too meaningful, is supposed to average 4.5 per cent, for all the graft, inefficiency, and quirks of new nationhood. It has large areas of land available for agricultural development, if it gets over the idea that only new industries (even if unprofitable or useless) prove the virility of independent nations. And the Filipinos are quite obviously, even to the casual visitor, more dynamic than many other of the Asian peoples.

Of course the Philippines are not fully oriental. There was no civilization here before the Westerners came —only a primitive, and for the most part very primitive, tribal culture. (In the jungles less than two hundred miles north of Manila, there are still tribes whose young men woo their sweethearts by presenting them with a freshly cut human head.) Nearly 90 per cent of the population is Catholic; and English, or perhaps one should say a dialect of English, is the prevailing language, in spite of the enthusiasts for Tagalog. The Philippine Republic is an intermediary, a bridge, between West and East, especially between the United States and the East; and this is an added reason for its actual and perhaps even more its potential importance in the regional scheme of things. It is here, of course, that the United States maintains great naval and air bases, and much the largest diplomatic and communications center of the entire theater, in fact (I believe) of all Asia.

And the Filipinos—what a refresh-

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ing relief it is to discover—are still undoubtedly anti-Communist, in their substantial majority still definitely pro-American. The present President, Garcia, and his Nationalist Party have had a fling at "Philippines First," with an undercurrent of anti-Americanism, but this gets quieted down with an election in the offing next autumn, as if the political leaders recognize that the voters won't go for it. The Filipinos, with the background of Spanish rule in their memory, know very well that the Americans did, on the whole, well and honorably by them. The boulevard along the bay is still called Dewey.

Their anti-Communism they learned the hard way, in years of fierce battle against the Communist guerrillas, the Hukbalahap. Under Ramon Magsaysay's leadership they smashed the organized centers of the Huks. But there are still small bands—a few only seventy miles from here—and the meaning of the fight against Communism is underlined every week or so by the assassination of a village mayor or an isolated militiaman. The Communist Party is outlawed. There are underground Communists and fellow travelers, of course, as everywhere in the world, well known but difficult to get at in the university faculties, in some trade unions, and on the periphery of government. The underground Party claims a secret membership of something like ten thousand in the formerly Huk-controlled districts, and it has not given up here—or anywhere. It is said that the Party, counting on outside as well as internal developments in the interim, has 1965 as its target date. But for the present the Communist problem is well in hand. (There is even a House Committee on Un-Philippine Activities, which is, it is hardly necessary to add, denounced in those aforesaid university circles as "witch hunter" and "McCarthyite.")

Anti-Communists Meet

Across the entrance to the air terminal when the plane landed was a forty-foot banner proclaiming the Seventh Annual Conference of the Asian People's Anti-Communist League (APACL) meeting that week (the occasion, as it happened, of my visit). As we drove into town through the darting, brightly decorated Jeepniks—15,000 war jeeps, fitted with a kind of buggy top and plank seat to squeeze a dozen passengers—elaborate APACL arches had been thrown across the avenue, and all sorts of APACL signs, slogans, posters and banners were evident. Imagine! The conference of an "anti-Communist league" was a Big Do in a capital city of two million! And it continues to be indeed so. All the Big Wheels —President, Foreign Secretary, War Minister, Mayor, the Catholic Cardinal Primate, senators, congressmen —do not let it go with a noncommittal telegram, but show up very much in person at the public sessions, to declare their commitment to the struggle against Communism and Sino-Soviet imperialism. (And when they say, as the marvelous white-goateed Malayan delegate said, that their being against Communism means their readiness to kill Communists, many of them can add as the Malayan added that by "kill" they mean "kill," and have so proved on the persons of the enemy.)

There are delegates here from twenty Asian nations—all the SEATO nations, South Korea, Free China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand among them. Most of them are at least semi-official, coming with their governments' approval; and thus India and Indonesia are notably absent. For the first time in APACL's seven-year history, there is representation from the Middle East (Lebanon, Saudi-Arabia, Jordan) and a fraternal representation from several of the African nations (among them both Congos, Malagasy Republic, Libya, Morocco, Liberia). There are also a number of "observers" from various anti-Communist organizations of Europe, and from the American-Asian Educational Exchange, in whose name Professor David N. Rowe of Yale and I have been seated.

The Conference is, in mode, ceremonial and ritualistic, rather than a "working conference" that would discuss and decide on operational projects. But ceremonies also symbolize political meanings. This Conference seems to say very plainly that the still free nations of the entire Southeast Asian region and Oceania (Indonesia aside) do not want to be absorbed within the Communist Empire, do not want Communism in their internal life, and are willing to act and to fight to prevent its victory.

But it is also symbolizing in more than one way—among others, the very fact that it remains on a ritualistic level—that they do not know how they are going to stop the Communist advance, and are not confident that from their own strength they can do so.

Shadow of Laos

They were therefore waiting with hope and anxiety for the speech that Senator Dodd delivered to the first formal session. Senator Dodd spoke with frankness, courage, insight and militancy, but the doubts and troubles of his audience were not put to rest. We meet here under the harsh shadow of Laos, and it is this that sets the determining context for the Conference. What the delegates were waiting to hear was the decision of the United States to act in Laos; and not all the militancy of Senator Dodd's words, not his own entire sincerity, nor his urgent assurance that from the events of the past two months the people of America were at last "awake," could hide the reality: that the United States had once more decided *not* to act.

So there has been very little talk about the United States since that session. And in the obscure below-surface caucusing that seems to determine what happens in the Conference two proposals are, I gather, under discussion: to enlarge the structure of the organization to include Africa and Latin America along with Asia; to eliminate the phrase "anti-Communist" from the name, in order—so the murmured argument runs—to express "something more positive." In other words: to shift toward a neutralist and non-Western, in tendency anti-Western political stance.

There are a number of delegations —the Chinese, the Malayan, the Philippine among them—that will resist this transformation, and they may prevail for this year. But all the nations here represented know that the next Laos is one of themselves. If they are going to have to enter the Communist Empire in any case, might they not get better terms by a voluntary application?

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After Gaius Valerius Catullus

PETER WHIGHAM

I

To whom should I present this
little book, so carefully polished
but to you, Cornelius, who have always
been so tolerant of my verses,
you
who of us all has dared
to take the whole of human history
as his field
—three doctoral and weighty volumes!
Accept my book, then, Cornelius
for what it's worth,
and may the Muse herself
turn as tolerant an eye upon these songs
in days to come.

XXVI

Our cottage, Furius, sheltered
from the dry Scirocco,
from Zephyrus,
from Apeliota,
from the bitter northeast draughts
is exposed to an *overdraft* of a different sort—
$450:
ghastly . . . ruinous.

LI

Godlike the man who
sits at her side, who
watches and catches
that laughter
which (softly) tears me
to tatters: nothing is
left of me, each time
I see her.
. . . tongue numbed; arms, legs
melting, on fire; buzz
buzzing in ears; head-
lights gone black.

Coda

Her ease is your sloth, Catullus
you itch and roll in her ease:

former kings and cities
lost in the valley of her arm.

XCII

Lesbia loads me night and day with her curses,
'Catullus' always in her mouth,
yet I know that she loves me.
How? I equally spend myself day and night
in assiduous execration
—knowing too well my hopeless love.

XCIII

Utter indifference to your welfare, Caesar,
is matched only by ignorance of who you are.

CIV

Do you really believe I could blacken my life,
the woman dearer to me than my two eyes?
If I could
I should not be sunk in this way in my love for her—

who performs a zoo of two-backed beasts,
daily with Tappo.

CV

O'Toole
attempting an entry of the *mons Parnassus*
is pitchforked by the Muses out of their (very) private regions.

CIX

Joy of my life! you tell me this—
that nothing can possibly break this love of ours for each other.

God let her mean what she says,
from a candid heart,
that our two lives may be linked in their length
day to day,
each to each,
in a bond of sacred fidelity.

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The Smile on the Mona Lisa

HUGH KENNER

The plan of *Movies, Morals and Art* was for the lay author to relate Movies to Art, and his collaborator to follow up with Morals, but neither, to judge by the pervasive casualness, seems really to have thought the book worth writing. Thus Fr. Gardiner gets both of Dr. Kinsey's book titles wrong, calls the same movie on successive pages *The Lost Paradise* and *The Lost Continent,* and begs leave "to underscore again that the basic moral crux had not been watered down," as though "crux" had no etymology that mattered. Mr. Getlein, more worldly, ascribes *1 Timothy vi, 10* to the Old Testament, in the course of settling down to a breezy dormitory chat concerning Art; and Art, after some generalities ("poor old Aristotle") he brings at tweezers' end before our noses, in the shape of a stanza by Cole Porter ("a remarkable artist in many ways").

"You're the Top," it seems, is "a masterful job"; it creates a world (poor old Michelangelo!). It creates, "with great economy and in an instinctive choice of detail," "the fashionable international world of the 1930's," unfadingly limned by such details as ". . . the smile/on the Mona Lisa" (rhymed with "Tow'r of Pisa"). "The 'Mona Lisa,' to be sure, is universally known, but reference to the smile, in addition to providing a fine rhyme, suggests that the speaker, the person being addressed by the song, and their whole world, hence the listener's world, too, all know more about such things than the ordinary citizen." To be asked to suppose that *any*body thinks anybody else ignorant of that smile, nay, stakes his title to sophistication on such a postulate, so disarms us that when Mr. Getlein, bidding us "regard the power of art," points to "the authenticity of the speaker's knowledge of that special world," we barely know how to protest.

***Movies, Morals and Art,* by Frank Getlein and Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. Sheed & Ward, $3.50**

If Mr. Getlein is really writing for cretins I have no objection. The wisdoms of the book world are manifold, and its denizens doubtless astuter in their generation than the children of light. But the publisher's prefatory deposition, that we have here "a stimulating guide to the films," is insulated by no more than a comma from a citation of Pope Pius XII. No, all concerned appear actually to suppose that the dwarf ideas here being led up to the reader by the hand constitute the repertory of Art, to which in Part II a moral context is supposedly added, by a man who, thanks to the publisher's ground rules, hadn't even read Part I (though he handsomely credits the author of Part I with a thorough treatment of "the principles of pure art").

THE SCHISM so created isn't just an unhappy accident of book-making. Given the premises these authors share, the most perfect collaboration, at a dual-keyboard typewriter perhaps, would have issued in very nearly the same schizoid book.

The reason for this is a terrible innocence about art. Mr. Getlein justly observes that specifically twentieth-century Catholic thought has tended to identify art with craftsmanship. And while he can deplore this identification he cannot break with it, for he is unaware of its scope. It is not an error but a total misapprehension, stemming from the scholastic inheritance which, if American Catholics derive it from Maritain and Eric Gill, everyone else absorbs from Descartes, or rather from the syntax and terminology of agents, means and products, which was forged in the seventeenth century and still does so much of our thinking for us.

This is a terminology of stasis, not process; of things with qualities, not actions more or less lovingly or knowingly conducted; of subjects and predicates, not verbs. It sways us toward supposing that the critical act is performed with terms rather than analogies, or that the critic's business is to deliver classifications rather than involve his reader in an aware and sympathetic re-enactment of the action, intellectual and moral, which the artist performed in the first place. The artist, it suggests, makes some object, a play or a chair, and moral considerations deal only with the effect of that object on a beholder.

Hence the tendency to stress things the movies show and words the actors say. Though Mr. Getlein deplores "holding a sexual Geiger counter against décolletage and *double entendre,*" and Fr. Gardiner has praise for a travel film much nuder than any display of Mlle. Bardot's, neither of them can really at such moments do more than display a taste for which his discussion affords no sure context.

Hence the vehemence with which both try in vain to get the right thing said. Consider Fr. Gardiner's plight. Art is craft. He knows it is something more. But as his collaborator, struggling to exemplify the something more, said the art subjects us to a kind of spell, and then had recourse to Cole Porter, so he in his turn can say only that art holds us in thrall, and so blunders into preposterous collocations: "James Thurber and E. B. White are, in this respect, no less master craftsmen than Dostoevski and Shakespeare." Later we have "a Shakespeare, a Dostoevski, a Greene" (*i.e.,* Graham).

If art is indistinguishable from a beguiling knowingness of finish, then there is indeed nothing for the moralist to do but station a spectator in

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front of it and appraise the effects he experiences; hence the irrelevance of Fr. Gardiner's repeated protestations that "the *total* artistic judgment, the *complete* critical evaluation of a piece of art, includes a moral dimension." The routine of defending violent films and horror comics by adducing the violence of *Macbeth* and *Lear,* depends on precisely the same premise, that a work of art *does* nothing with or through such components, but simply *contains* them. Fr. Gardiner very properly wants to reject this parallel between Shakespeare and Spillane, but only a faulty recollection of Shakespeare enables him to suppose that he is succeeding: for he drops plumb into the Geiger-counter supposition that the difference consists in the presence or absence of dangerous elements.

"Though [Shakespeare's] plays were burdened with corpses, the *stage* was not." I count four on stage at the end of *Hamlet.* "It is one thing for Shakespeare to say, 'He cleft him from the chops to the nave'; it is quite another thing for that to be acted out in Technicolor. . . . Second, in the classical drama the corpses have become corpses (mainly off stage) only after having engaged in some sort of moral struggle." But Lady Macduff and her son are butchered before our eyes, having been engaged in no struggle at all. And the classic drama does not compel us to watch such things as Burt Lancaster being "blinded in one eye by the fierce falcon"? Shakespeare has both Gloucester's eyes gouged out in our full view ("Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot. . . . Out, vile jelly!").

No, a balance-sheet of horrors won't do. Either the quality of all that is taking its course between the first and last moments of *Macbeth* or *Lear* differs radically from the quality of the experience that is offered to the reader of *Stompgut Comics,* or else we had better give up talking about morals and art. Indeed if the inheritors of 2,000 years of literary culture can elucidate their heritage no better than that, there is no use expecting a useful aesthetic of any medium still so unfamiliar as film. Ever since Aristotle we have been accumulating some notions about the drama. Nobody yet even knows what a motion picture *is.*

There Were Giants of Old

SIR SHANE LESLIE

AN ENTICING text of *Genesis* referring to the existence of giants in the past is often used of elder statesmen. George Curzon and Lloyd George were such and both have been recently served up more shabbily than admirers wish. Denigration sets the tone of modern biographies if they and their heroes are to be sold.

Lloyd George's life by the present Earl is unusual, for father is flayed by son Richard. Flayed morally is the only description for an exposure of illegitimates and concubines, one of whom became the great man's widow. The excuse is that the son is avenging his mother, who was wife before the widower married his secretary. Excitement began early in the career of a statesman who was fortunate to find immorality passed over in Wales which would have sunk Parnell early in life. As a child Richard protested against his father with "Don't hurt Mamie!" and these pathetic words seem to excuse the book. As brutal realism this is the best of biographies. Absolutely nothing is hidden or buried. No doubt the

***DAVID LLOYD GEORGE:* ". . . *a mixture of Catiline and a Welsh preacher.*"**

sordid background brings out the brilliant life. Lloyd George feared neither God nor man, according to his son, who must have been nettled by something more than his mother's dishonor. Possibly he was disinherited? He has committed what is called the "Sin of Ham," who we remember spoke unkindly of Father Noah.

Historians, not moralists, must decide whether home miseries can be forgotten in view of the public achievements. Welsh democracy produced the war-leader the English ruling class could not find to finish the First War. Winston was available but under a cloud and awaiting Fate in the trenches, out of which Lloyd George was strong enough to retrieve

Curzon, by Leonard Moseley. British Book Centre, $7.50

Lloyd George, by Earl Lloyd George. British Book Centre, $6.25

him as Minister for Munitions. The hate and opposition which he met over this move was a test of his character. Later he found himself fighting British generals and, had he had his will, would have sacked Haig for butchery. Strategists still discuss the possible result.

Lloyd George was anxious to give the Irish Republicans what they wanted but under condition that Ulster Unionists would not be suppressed. This involved giving secret pledges to both sides. When the Irish delegation arrived in London, he offered them instant peace or war. They signed the Treaty with an oath of allegiance within the Commonwealth which led to their death and disruption. The novel way to settle the Irish Question was to induce leaders to assassinate each other.

Lloyd George was a mixture of Catiline and a Welsh preacher. The Welsh forgave him anything after he disestablished the State Church which hung around their necks. The Tories never forgave his lowering the prestige of the Lords by sale of titles. Even the rise in the Astor peerage lost glitter. In the end the English could overlook concubines and not greatly care if Mamie were hurt.

IT WAS because Asquith could never have finished the war that such an Imperial Viceroy as Curzon supported Lloyd George, whom he left in 1922, to the Cabinet's disgust—"so our punctilious Proconsul has ratted." Curzon balanced right each time, for his political life remained a tightrope after his resignation of India. A new

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life of Curzon by Leonard Moseley lowers his high prestige and ridicules his second marriage. He himself recorded that always he had married far below his class, but each time he took unto himself Beauty and Wealth. An unpleasant account is now given of the second marriage with Mrs. Arthur Duggan, whose reminiscences rather offset the flavor of this book. She had the humor to record that, wandering as a widow in the Curzon vault, she found a cavity "reserved for the Second Lady Curzon" while her Lord lay above in alabaster splendor with Mary Leiter.

No biography can lower Curzon's character, ambition and achievements, though he was easy to mimic and nickname. He was referred to as a blend of pompous magnificence which made him a success in India. To the Indians he was the greatest Sahib that ever came among them. He worked indefatigably to save their treasures of art and architecture and was meanly discarded by the home Government. Yet the coming disasters in war proved him right in his quarrel with Kitchener. He suffered all his life from an agonizing spine ailment and from the Oxford jibe:

"George Nathaniel Curzon
Was a most superior person."

Slightly he resembled the magnanimous Emperor Marcus Antoninus, with a touch of Nero's showmanship. His Indian Durbar was the last flash of the Great Moguls.

His great grief was that neither wife gave him a son, and the hard-earned Marquisate perished with him. Perhaps he was lucky, when we consider the sons of great contemporaries. He missed his supreme desire, the Premiership, for which he had trained himself since Eton. There he had been the favorite pupil of Oscar Browning, who trained future statesmen out of the Eton Fifth. The hour came when there seemed none in England to take Bonar Law's place—no one of whom England or the world had ever heard. He was tripped by the snake in the grass—Arthur Balfour influencing a nervous King to take Baldwin who proved, as Curzon said, "a person of the utmost unimportance."

Now that the caliber of British statesmen has dwindled with the Empire, Curzon is missed as much as Palmerston or Castlereagh. This book is sparkling and malicious but drawn out as though by a Lytton Strachey gone to seed. Very private papers have been broached, owing to their sale by the widow to Lord Beaverbrook. Lives of this kind are read by their subjects in Purgatory, whence they cannot answer! A true lover of beauty, Curzon hated "women in trousers" as bitterly as St. Paul, but it is unkind to bring in his affection for Elinor Glyn, one of whose locks of red hair he kept with others more sacred. Both he and Lord Milner sent that lady tiger-skins to ride, and it is clear that Curzon rightly flinched from the prospect of taking her to Downing Street, which she believed she had merited.

Above the legend, comic or squalid, in which this biography revels, rises the last great aristocrat who detested the paid hacks of politics and imagined something between Plato's dedicated Ephore and Rome's Proconsuls —which indeed he was himself. In India Curzon's predecessors and successors are forgotten, save Lord Halifax—the "Holy Fox," as Winston called him. His traducers and enemies have sunk under the sands—in Lloyd George's case under the slime. Baldwin and Kitchener are forgotten. Marred but magnificent, he awaits a Macaulay in prose or a Dryden in verse to write his final record.

Myopia on Latin America

NATHANIEL WEYL

THE senior author of *The Struggle for Democracy in Latin America* belonged until very recently to that small group of American opinion-moulders who boosted the Castro dictatorship. As late as January 1961, Charles O. Porter proposed to a nationwide TV audience that the United States surrender Guantanamo to the Cuban dictator. This would have given the Russians a naval base a few hundred miles from our shores.

***The Struggle for Democracy in Latin America*, by Charles O. Porter and Robert J. Alexander. Macmillan, $4.50**

The junior author, Dr. Robert J. Alexander of Rutgers, is a social-democratic expert on Latin American Communism who has been singularly backward in perceiving the Communist character of the Castro regime and remarkably myopic concerning the dangers which the United States faces from that quarter.

The jacket blurb calls Porter a "Congressman" and states that he was re-elected to the House in 1958. Actually, Porter was defeated at the polls in 1960, a Democratic year, largely because of such bland assertions as that no "responsible person . . . believes Castro is a Communist or Communist sympathizer."

The book itself is an exercise in left-wing newfrontiersmanship. It is a conglomerate of the half-truths, untruths and misinterpretations which some of the President's more radical advisers propound about Latin America. The authors have shown brilliantly how little supposedly intelligent men can learn from contemporary history if they only try hard enough.

The economic solution proposed by Porter and Alexander is to give Latin America much more money much more quickly, and to stress social programs. Here three things need to be said. First, social welfare programs can never create dynamic economies, whereas dynamic economies can afford social welfare. Second, empires which apologize for their wealth and power are ridiculous and those which give largesse to quench guilt are contemptible. We should recognize that we enjoy unprecedented abundance because of character and resourcefulness fostered by free institutions; that if we help others it is from generosity and national interest; and that we cannot help those who will not help themselves. Third, the economic proposals which the authors proffer are the gray abstractions characteristic of the politician and the pundit. There is nothing in this book as constructive or as original as the action proposals

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in J. Peter Grace's brochure, *It Is Not Too Late in Latin America.*

The main theme of the book is that Latin American Communism flourishes under right-wing dictatorship, but withers when the so-called Democratic Left is in the saddle. This might be a good reason for American support of the "Democratic Left" if it were a law of history.

However, it isn't. Communism is stronger in Rómulo Betancourt's Venezuela than it was under his tyrannical predecessor. It is far more powerful in contemporary Brazil than it was under the Vargas dictatorship. The ability of the Communists to move to power by manipulating the gullible and resentful movements of the "Democratic Left" was illustrated by Castro in Cuba in 1957-60 and is being demonstrated by him on a continental scale today.

Regimes of the "Democratic Left" have on occasion undermined the middle class, mauled private enterprise, generated disastrous flights of capital, failed disastrously in the central task of massive capital creation. Hence, the process (as exemplified particularly by the MNR regime in Bolivia which the authors praise) tends to be one of economic disintegration, partially mitigated by multimillion-dollar raids on the U.S. Treasury. Such regimes wreck and plunder the economies of their countries, paving the way for rightist dictatorship or Communist revolution. To the extent that they are Marxist, they tend to admire the Soviet planned economy and denigrate American freedom and abundance as the stolen fruits of imperialism. When their failures require scapegoats, the United States is generally elected.

Porter and Alexander consider Bolivia under the MNR an advancing frontier of democracy. The reader would not suspect that the MNR had Nazi and anti-Semitic roots, that it is Marxist-Leninist, that it has crushed civil liberties and a free press, established workers' militia, operated concentration camps and subjected political prisoners to loathsome tortures.

Chapter Eight is actually entitled "Some Recent Democratic Victories Part Four: The Fall of Batista." This does not mean that the authors are *today* unaware of the fact that Cuba is a Communist-controlled dictatorship. Rather, their leftist bias makes them see the elimination of the old-fashioned, limited Batista dictatorship in favor of the developing Soviet totalitarian system of Fidel Castro as a net gain. The Batistas are treated as monsters, the Castros as black sheep who have strayed from the path of righteousness. Porter and Alexander actually write that "the future of democracy depends on the ability of Fidel Castro and the young men who led the revolution to remain loyal to the ideas which inspired them . . . "

The extent to which the authors have lost contact with reality is illustrated by their characterization of the Trujillo regime as "the world's worst dictatorship." At a time when the United States faces the unprecedented challenge of a dynamic Soviet beachhead in this Hemisphere which is seeking to launch a continental revolution, Porter and Alexander continue to fulminate against a despotic and sanguinary *caudillo* on a small island, who has no plans for continental conquest, who supports religion instead of trying to extirpate it, who has brought his people order from chaos and modest prosperity from penury and who supported U.S. policies until Washington rebuffed, reviled and castigated him. The authors are aware that the overthrow of Trujillo at this time might put a Castro in power in the Dominican Republic, but they seem singularly unconcerned about it. The trance-like character of this book is revealed by its fixation on obsolete problems and its obliviousness to real and present dangers.

Movies

Who's a Misfit?

JOHN LEONARD

ARTHUR MILLER'S *The Misfits* is a confused attempt to grapple with some of the Big Questions. It started as a spare short story for *Esquire*, then Miller decided to give it to his wife (Marilyn Monroe, in case you're a late-comer) as a screen-play; and then he sat around on location beefing up Marilyn's part (she hadn't even existed in *Esquire*) at the expense of the story's definition.

In its final form—both as a John Huston movie and as a book published by Viking ($3.50)—*The Misfits* is a story about people who aren't constructed to the specifications of the world they live in. There is Gay, an aging cowboy who hates to work for wages. Life to him means freedom. "You start," he says, "by going to sleep. Then you get up when you feel like it. Then you scratch yourself, fry yourself some eggs, see what kind of a day it is, throw a stone, ride a horse, visit, whistle." But he has to pay for his freedom, either by working part-time in Reno, for other men's money, or by chasing mustangs. He prefers chasing mustangs.

Besides Gay, there is Guide, a displaced war veteran who pilots an ancient airplane, and goes out with Gay on their mechanized mustang hunts. And there is Roslyn, a low-slung golden girl who used to dance in nightclubs before she found out all those old men with white faces and blasted eyes weren't interested in art at all. Roslyn is supposed to represent a sort of Goddess of Life-Energy, an earth-mother image who worries about rabbits. Freedom for her is really meaningless: emotional contact between people is what really matters. Because it is this contact she

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seeks, she serves as the catalyst for whatever action transpires.

Most of that action is a mustang-hunt, and even it is primarily the dramatization of a moral point. Long ago, captured mustangs were sold to farmers for plowing; now they are sold to factories for dog feed. Gay argues that it isn't his fault. "When I started, they used a lot of them I caught. There was mustang blood pullin' all the plows in the West; they couldn't have settled here without somebody caught mustangs for them. It . . . it just got changed around, see? I'm doin' the same thing I ever did."

The answer to this position is never clearly formulated. The mustangs are misfits, too; they also want to be free. And to keep himself free, Gay has to destroy the symbol of that freedom. Miller lets this contradiction dribble off into a dénouement that seems to say the misfits and mustangs are both irrelevant, and so, really, is freedom. The frontier is gone; to pretend it persists is to delude yourself. What have we in place of freedom? Presumably, emotional contact, soulfully sealed as Gay and Roslyn drive off at the end under the stars, having freed the captured mustangs.

The Misfits isn't a story best adapted to film, even though it was written for it. It is essentially static: it takes most of its time in sketching the characters, and occasionally stitches in an action scene to test its theories. For all his talk about the potentialities of the motion picture idiom, Arthur Miller has done very little exploring. The camera requires action, and John Huston does his best to provide it on isolated occasions in the movie—effective and self-contained scenes like the mustang hunt and Roslyn playing paddle-ball. But basically, most of the misfits spend most of their time talking about themselves, and their generalizations are either too tentative to make for drama or too pat to make for believability.

The actors try to help Miller along. Clark Gable plays Gay. It's a cliché now to say that Gable was an institution, not an actor. But he became an institution because of certain things he meant to American audiences, a certain kind of virility and manliness which was so obviously his own grace, and which seems very appropriate for Gay.

Eli Wallach, who plays Guide, is a fine actor in a tough spot: he is called upon to shift the base of his character subtly as the picture progresses, but the audience was never entirely sure to begin with what sort of character he was.

Then there is Marilyn Monroe, with her open-mouthed, thumb-in-the-ear, Actors Studio inarticulate innocence. Her mouth twitches, and lipstick is smeared like a scar across her face, and for an earth-mother she just doesn't wear enough clothes. All right for anatomy, but this exploitation, this sort of corpulent over-exposure that passes for titillation in our time of tired libidos, turns Roslyn into a farce. It has been Marilyn's fascination as a comedienne: the child's face and the chorus girl's body, a paradox of innocence that obviously got on Arthur Miller's nerves. She is always a split second too late, arriving just after her mannerisms have already fled. Her big scene of rejection is an exercise in petulance. She can't be taken seriously, and her insistence upon being taken seriously puts severe strain on an audience that would like to love her.

THE DIFFUSENESS, the sense of meandering, the impression of confused search which thread through *The Misfits* give it a blurred aura of having something more to it, something unrealized. The problem is Roslyn. She isn't real, but the movie is all about her: all about Marilyn Monroe. Arthur Miller was thinking out loud about his wife, trying her out locked in the top of all sorts of fairy towers, standing back, taking a look, trying a new castle, always unsuccessful. It is this private, personal sense of search that makes *The Misfits* interesting, and at the same time makes it a bad movie and a bad book, because of its stasis, because of its confusion. Miller tried to use United Artists and Viking Press and John Huston to help him figure out his wife. Since Marilyn Monroe is sort of a domestic problem for all America, this was interesting. But she didn't work out as an earth-mother, or a golden girl, or a goddess of Life-Energy. It's ugly and presumptuous and maybe wrong and probably irrelevant, but you can't help thinking that his analysis didn't work in *The Misfits* for the same reasons it didn't work in his marriage.

Books of Interest

No Further West, by Dan Jacobson (Macmillan, $3.50). A long essay about America by a young British writer who, when he is not too busy proving how sensitive he is to the moral perils of freeways and washing machines, manages to make some sense about America.

The Devil to Pay, by Jack Youngblood and Robin Moore (Coward-McCann, $4.50). A cold turkey account of the Castro revolution from someone who was paid to help the boys out.

Reflections of a Jacobite, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton, $4). The novel of manners explored with constant good sense and grace by a novelist himself possessed of a pretty fair ear for the social play.

The Anthill, By Suzanne Labin (Praeger, $6.75). A passionate but documented account of the human condition in Communist China.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

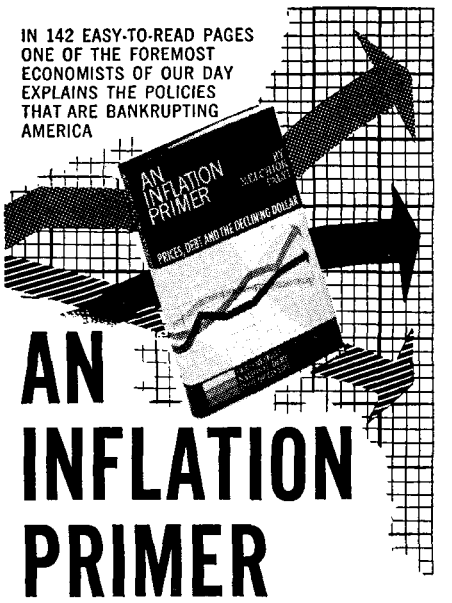
WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?, by Lyle H. Munson (The Bookmailer, $2). At a time when the Administration appears undecided about the fate of the offshore Chinese islands, this outstanding collection of photographs of Quemoy signals a refreshingly original approach to the controversy. Here are no political or technical arguments in favor of abandoning Quemoy and its sister islands to Chinese Communists, in the hope that, having cloyed themselves on some thousands more of human beings, the Red Chinese will suddenly become peace-loving. Instead, these candid pictures show in human terms just what it would mean if that island's 46,000 inhabitants were handed over to the Communists. Whether or not Mr. Munson was inspired by Walker Evans' memorable photographs, which graced James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,* his pictures capture the spirit of free Chinese—their bravery in the face of continual Communist shelling, their joy of living under freedom—as magnificently as Evans' photographs captured the spirit of proud Southern sharecroppers. Because the offshore islands are considered the measure of America's reliability as an ally in the struggle against Communism, like West Berlin they have an importance far beyond the geographical. E. MCDOWELL

VIRGINIA'S MASSIVE RESISTANCE, by Benjamin Muse (Indiana University Press, $3.95). This is a short and shallow treatment of a long and deep story. What Mr. Muse, Southern pundit of the *Washington Post,* says of Virginia's war with the Supreme Court is what almost every newspaper reader knows, press clippings obviously being the frail backbone of the book. But the heart of the matter never got into the newspapers, perhaps because the motives of "massive resistance," like the ground rules of the Old Dominion's uniquely genteel politicking, are not easily put into words. To say that Senator Byrd rallied his organization to inglorious "failure" is to say very little. Among the law-steeped Byrd men, it was as clear in 1955 as in 1959 that, in the words of Governor Almond, "the overriding and superior power of the federal government" would ultimately level any barrier to integration erected by the state. Yet the barriers were raised anyway. Why? Organization in-fighting, fear of Republican gains, sheer cantankerousness on the Senator's part—these are inadequate answers. Perhaps it is closer to the mark to observe that, by insisting for four years that any integration was intolerable, Virginians are tolerating precious little integration today. Meanwhile, the rest of the nation has had time to think about what was actually decreed on May 17, 1954.

R. WHALEN

THE LADDER OF VISION, *A Study of Dante's Comedy,* by Irma Brandeis (Doubleday, $3.95). At once the plainest and most elusive of poets, Dante has defied all commentators. No one can really compete with the guides given us by the poet himself, Virgil and Beatrice; but there is room to overcome "modern prejudice" and accumulated misconceptions. Like Francis Fergusson, Miss Brandeis does this by showing that the poem can pass all the tests invented by the modern critics. Within this framework, she speaks wtih real insight—showing, for instance, that the Arnold-Ruskin-Eliot description of Dante's visual imagery applies only to the *Inferno;* imagery, like everything else in the poem, ascends and changes character from tier to tier of piled rhyme. The progress—to put crudely what the author phrases with delicacy—is from simile to metaphor to hieratic activation of all a symbol's potencies. And with wisdom she gives us wit: the *Inferno,* she tells us, is like hell itself—easy to get into and hard to understand. G. WILLS

THE GREAT EPIDEMIC, by A. A. Hoehling (Little, Brown, $3.95). In the early nineteenth century, journeyman portrait painters traveled all over New England. For a small fee and at a swift rate they could paint anyone's likeness, flatly but accurately. They had no particular style, they revealed little of character, but a man could recognize himself on their canvas and they had acquired enough technical skill to remove them from the primitives. Analogous to these forgotten artists are our present-day journeyman writers who travel about looking for a theme, an event to work on. Once the object is fixed they write about it in the exact and compelling style of the railroad time-table. So we have the day of this and the night of that, the day Roosevelt graduated from Harvard, the night Larry was stretched, and so on and so on. Of this genre is A. A. Hoehling's book on the great influenza epidemic of 1918 that killed more people more efficiently than did the guns of World War I. To anyone interested in the impact of that black plague on the United States, this is the book. Don't be deterred by a matter of style if it's facts you're after. F. RUSSELL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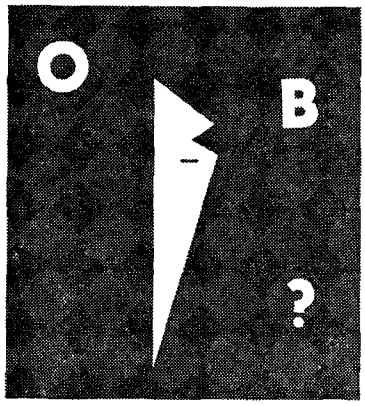

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To the Editor

New English Bible

Regretfully I have to point out that, in his excellent comment on the New Eng ish Bible ["Water in the Wine," May 6], Garry Wills has destroyed the rhythm of the very sentence from the King James version whose rhythm he is praising: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." Not "good news"! That must have crept into his ear from the "New English" version. His mistake at least sustains his thesis that this new version is going to damage our hearing.

New York City MAX EASTMAN

After reading many reviews of the *New English Bible*, where, of all places, do I find the most excellent review? In NATIONAL REVIEW! My sincere thanks to Mr. Garry Wills for his superb review. His defense of the "old King James Version" language is a masterpiece. It seems to this humble observer that if something lasts for 350 years, it has got to be good. I am willing to place a little wager that 350 years from now, the King James Version will still be the best seller. . . .

Baltimore, Md. EDGAR G. HULTMAN JR.

Facts on HUAC Film

Thanks to Mr. M. Stanton Evans' article on *Operation Abolition* [May 6], we have sober facts to counteract the cries about "distortions" in this documentary film which the Liberals are raising as part of their campaign to discredit the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Boston, Mass. L. A. NASH

Alert

With reference to "Ten-shun!" [May 6], do permit me to enlighten the gentleman of at least one phase of his comments.

The Armed Forces Department of Education and Information has a far-reaching program dealing with Communism, using for this purpose a series of 10 pamphlets by Professor Kenneth Colegrove. They are as follows:

1. Democracy Faces Communism
2. What Is Communism?
3. What Communists Do to Liberty
4. How Communism Controls Peoples' Ideas
5. How the Communist Party Operates
6. How Communists Gain and Keep Power
7. Communist Party Rule of Soviet Russia
8. How Communism Controls Peoples' Economic Life
9. How Workers and Farmers Fare Under Communism
10. Communist Conquest and Colonization.

It is quite true that the Department of Education and Information does not have sufficient funds available to purchase as many of these pamphlets as they need, but if the officer in question will order these pamphlets through regular military channels, he will soon learn that the Department of Defense is doing a fine job in teaching the Armed Forces' personnel "why they fight, who they fight and when the hot war began."

Incidentally, it is a program to which no one can take exception, except a pro-Communist or a Communist. To quote the *American Foreign Service Journal*, "It is difficult to conceive of a work that is more objective and factual and at the same time, not to be regarded as mere propaganda."

HARRY G. MARQUIS,
Managing Director
The Institute of Fiscal and
New York City Political Education

Teachers' Salaries

In Russell Kirk's article ["Do Teachers Need Federal Subsidies?" April 8], one paragraph begins with the phrase, "among professional people," and Dr. Kirk mentions teachers in the same group with lawyers, dentists and engineers. Near the end of the the paragraph Dr. Kirk comments, "Theirs [the teachers'] is now one of the better-paid occupations." Does Dr. Kirk seriously expect us to believe that teachers are better paid than lawyers, dentists, engineers or physicians?

In this same paragraph, Dr. Kirk mentions the percentage increase in teachers' incomes as compared to engineers, lawyers, etc. This is not a fair way of presenting an argument.

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Could it not be that teachers' incomes increased the most because they started as the lowest by far? Why doesn't Dr. Kirk just state the average income of each group? I fear that such figures would destroy the core of his argument that teaching is a "better-paid occupation. . . ."

I make these comments not because I favor federal aid to education, but rather that I expect more of Dr. Kirk. There are better methods of attacking federal aid than to use the exceedingly feeble one that teaching is "one of the better-paid occupations."

Massapequa Park, N. Y. ALAN E. MAHER

Russell Kirk, in writing on federal school subsidies [April 22], states "many matters of national concern, nevertheless, rightfully are left to state and local governments, or to private life," and proceeds to enumerate. Shh! No help, please.

New York City CLEMENT C. MASON JR.

Waugh versus Wills

(Evelyn Waugh and Garry Wills have recently written critical reviews of each other's books for NATIONAL REVIEW.—ED.)

You may differ on how to seek thrills,
  But my notion of life in the raw
Is watching Waugh war against Wills
  And Wills work his will upon
    Waugh.

Their animadversion is chronic—
  A passion that curses and kills;
A williwaw truly cyclonic
  Is the saga of Waugh versus Wills.

But the thought of a truce gives me
    chills
  (Alas, there is always a flaw!).
What if Waugh should wink weakly
    at Wills
  And Wills should wave wanly to
    Waugh?

Why, the very idea breeds panic
  And other emotional ills;
So on with this struggle titanic:
  Up, Waugh, and carry on, Wills!

New York City R.T.P.

Evelyn Waugh ["Chesterton," April 22] vividly nailed the most critical weak-spot of Wills' *Chesterton*—the disparagement of Belloc, the delimitation of Belloc's influence on Chesterton. Actually Wills feels that GKC had three major influences after leav-

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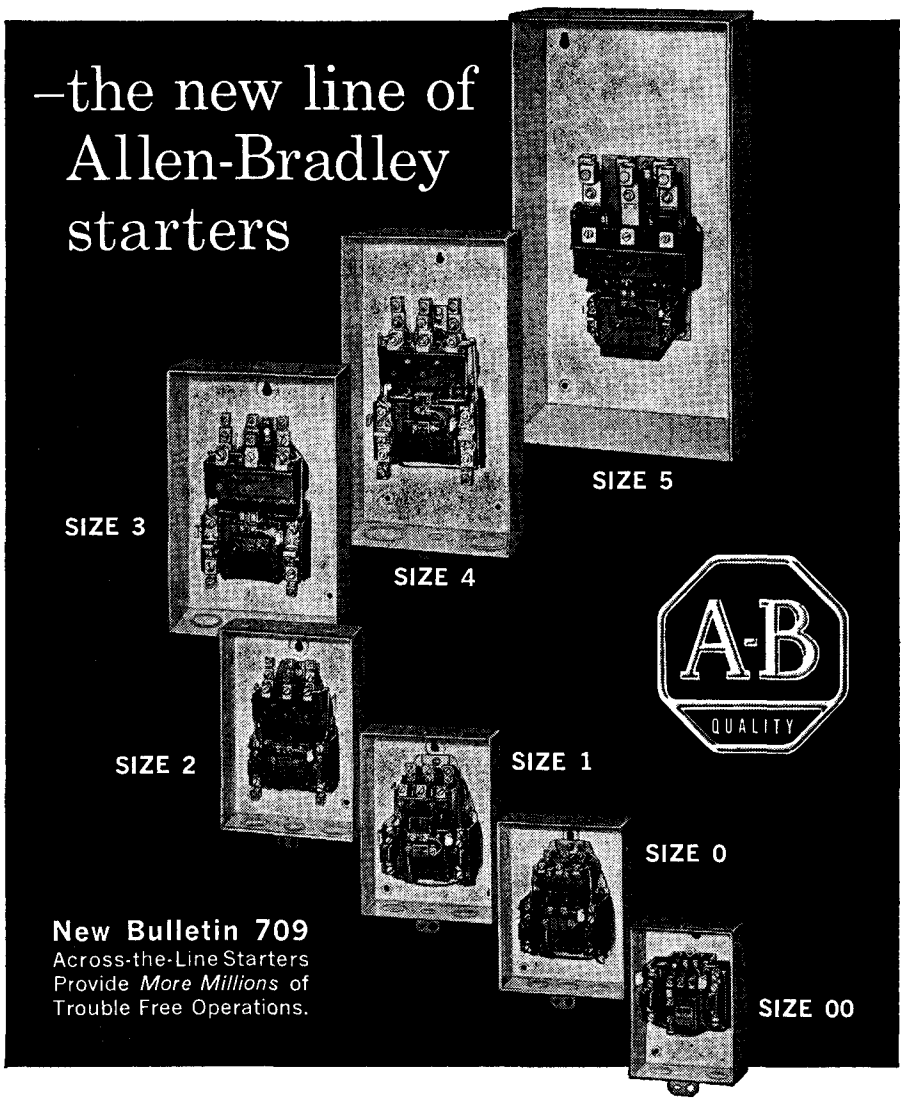

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ing Slade School: Cecil (his brother), Shaw and Belloc. The fact is that he and Cecil argued all their lives, but never quarreled (see *Autobiography*), and never agreed on important things until Cecil had fallen into Belloc's orbit. Belloc attracted both men for he had established that his Faith was a truthtelling thing that formed a system that was final, from which a man might stand and judge.

As for Shaw influencing Chesterton, one might just as well say that his moustache or Lloyd George's British accent influenced him. By mere proximity let us grant that influence may be established. But Chesterton objected to each and every *end* of Fabian socialism, after Belloc had informed him that we differ not necessarily in noticing an evil, nor in the way we might correct it, but in the end toward which we strive, and for which we correct evils. Shaw influenced Chesterton into writing a play, but the play *(Magic)* was a morality closet drama and reflected the ends of distributive Catholic justice—not one iota of Shavian social simplification.

It has been suggested that Wills' analyses of GK's works are clumsy efforts, but let it be known that Wills is the first one to read Chesterton appreciatively and critically. He has no evident recourse to the criticism of other Chestiographers and thus has avoided stereotyped hagiography in his analysis of the man. For many years Wills will be considered *the* authority on what the magnanimous G.K. Chesterton really intended in this book or that.

Mineola, N. Y. SANFORD B. KNAPP

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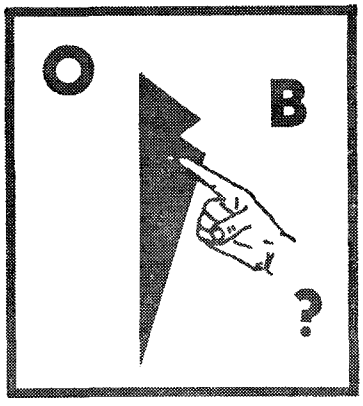

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In re your "YAF Night in Manhattan Center" [Wm. F. Buckley Jr., March 25]—"impudent" YES; "incredible" NO. Our college students are constantly asserting their freedom to be impudent by way of stealing panties from the girls' dorms, eating goldfish, or pushing beds across deserts. So why not a mass meeting to honor the group you list? . . .

New York City HELEN MEARS

More on Machiavelli

Seldom has an article interested me in the way that Guiseppe Prezzolini's "The Kernel of Machiavelli" [April 8] did. There is much that is true in this piece. Dr. Prezzolini is right about what Machiavelli said and intended to say. I also see validity in his applications. But there is considerable danger too, for the piece could afford a lot of ammunition to those who want to deify the state. Machiavelli was supreme as an analyst, but he failed at that level where the moral point of view has to take over and order things.

Chicago, Ill. RICHARD M. WEAVER

I find Mr. Meyer's remarks in his letter on Machiavelli ["To the Editor," April 22] very stimulating. Rome was founded on the proposition *salus populi suprema lex esto.* It is impossible for a civilized man not to admire the Romans; but when they had accomplished their mission they disappeared, and were replaced with Christians who proposed that divine and universal justice should be the "supreme law," not the "safety of the people." This law may and sometimes does involve the sacrifice of the men who maintain it. To make it prevail, therefore, requires a miracle, something like Saint Peter walking on the water. The miracle (by God) was forthcoming: Saint Louis governed a very great nation on this law, setting a standard and a style that has never been forgotten.

But although the fact that justice can prevail in politics was incontrovertibly demonstrated by this Frenchman, as, on a grander and more important scale, the fact that spirit prevails was demonstrated by Saint Peter on the water; yet, just as Saint Peter had difficulty finding the courage and strength necessary, so Christian man was soon exhausted, and could not maintain the moral level necessary to govern by justice alone. When this became apparent Machiavelli arose to provide an alternative guide to politics; and, without originality, he returned to the *salus populi;* but this time without glory and honor; because, whereas Rome had raised the level of political virtue, Machiavelli lowered it. The possibility of escaping Machiavellism has been steadily getting less and less as the moral level of civilized men has declined, and as their faith in justice has declined with it. It takes therefore a very genuine courage to propose, as Mr. Meyer does, kicking out Machiavelli and returning to Saint Louis.

This is all the more true since I think he underestimates Machiavelli's mental force. Machiavelli is a much deeper political thinker than Saint

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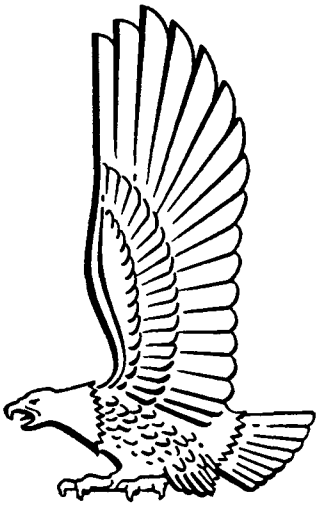
Louis or than any Christian; probably he is the deepest there is. I doubt if any serious politician can afford not to read carefully the "Discourse on Livy's First Decade." But Machiavelli's tremendous mental effort is a despairing attempt to substitute reason for that sort of faith which justifies action; and permits therefore the use of justice as a guide. Machiavelli thought more deeply on politics than other men for the same reason that a man who falls overboard swims further than other men before he drowns. But, just as a man in the middle of the ocean will drown, no matter how far he swims, so Machiavelli is wrong, no matter how deep he thinks. If the civilized world was crushed in 1945 because it eagerly sought the *salus populi* without any reference to divine and universal justice, it is Machiavelli's fault. This question of Machiavelli is going to be a touchstone among us to separate the Christian from the heathen for some time to come; and it is more important than many other very interesting questions.

Nashville, Tenn. JOHN WISNER

The panegyric on Machiavelli by Dr. Prezzolini may prove that he knows something about Machiavelli and the latter's use of words, but when he writes that *virtu* differs from *virtue* in the Christian sense he shows little grasp of what virtue in the real Christian means. The seven virtues in the Christian moral sense mean the *strengths* or the *forces* of the individual exerted first internally and then of necessity externally on the surrounding community. These seven are certainly not weaknesses of a compliant and craven soul.

Cincinnati, Ohio JOSEPH B. FROEHLE

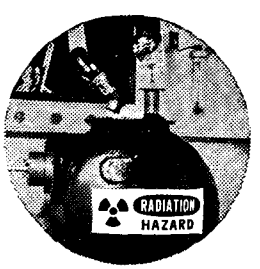
It appeared to me that at least three statements contained in "The Kernel of Machiavelli" are the exact antitheses of what conservatism must strive to achieve in this country and in the cold war: Mr. Prezzolini claimed that a double standard of morality, as regards governments, "is both a reality and a necessity"; that men are not angels and they must be "treated with the ways of persuasion they will heed" (which sounds horribly like the Gestapo agent in an old James Cagney movie); and that "*all*" religions and many philosophies are conceived in the hope of consoling mankind and of "transporting him



. . . the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else . . . Not, indeed, immediately, but after a certain interval . . . in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which civil servants and politicians and even agitators apply to current events are not likely to be the newest. But soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil.

— John Maynard Keynes

Our forebears bequeathed to us a set of premises, theories and truths carefully devised to insure the dignity and freedom and supremacy of the individual. But through interpretation, modification, even convenient omission by many of our educators today, there exists a strong and growing tendency to teach that the individual is second to the state. The influence of these teachings — already apparent — will be felt increasingly five, ten and twenty years hence.



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into an imaginative and rose tinted realm" (such as the one conceived of by Jesus, no doubt).

Is this the policy that would place the West in a "more advantageous position" if its leaders put it into practice? I cannot conceive how this could be so. What advantage can there possibly be in accepting the Communist's view of religion? Certainly the opium of the masses is not a much more extreme accusation than Prezzolini's "rose tinted realm." Or for that matter why should we accept a double standard of morality when that single and much abused guidon of Western civilization is the one hope we have of achieving victory over atheistic Communism? . . .

Worst of all, how can a conservative possibly accept a doctrine that would forfeit man's free will to persuasion? Man is not intrinsically evil, but merely inclined to evil, an evil he is able to overcome through his own character and choice aided by Divine Grace. Not all men succeed in choosing correctly, but if we were subject to "persuasion" we well might, and where then would be the glory of the individual?

Portsmouth, N.H. P. T. DUGGAN

Mr. Niccolò Machiavelli would like to say a few words:

"I come now to the last branch of my charge: that I teach princes villainy, and how to enslave. If any man will read over my book . . . with impartiality and ordinary charity, he will easily perceive that it is not my intention to recommend that government or those men there described to the world, much less to teach men how to trample upon good men, and all that is sacred and venerable upon earth, laws, religion, honesty, and what not. If I have been a little too punctual in describing these monsters in all their lineaments and colors, I hope that mankind will know them, the better to avoid them, my treatise being both a *satire* against them and a true *character* of them. . . ." (From a Letter to a Friend).

New York City ROBERT F. CADY

Aloise O'Muerte?

To Señor James A. O'Brien:

Pat O'Muerte, I'm afraid
Was done in at the *pared.*
Paredón my softly blowing:
Aloise, your slip is showing.

Notre Dame, Ind. GRINGUITO

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CRUSADE FOR AMERICA

51 Front Street
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May, 1961

Dear Friend:

I invite you and your friends to attend the sixth annual spring meeting of the Crusade For America to be held at the Garden City Hotel, Garden City, Long Island, on Wednesday evening, May 24, at 8:30.

Our guest speakers will be Dean Clarence Manion and Frank S. Meyer. A question-and-answer period will follow their addresses.

Dean Manion, dean of the University of Notre Dame College of Law from 1941 to 1952, is the author of two best sellers, The Key to Peace and Let's Face It. He is a distinguished constitutional lawyer and director of the coast-to-coast Manion Forum radio network.

Frank S. Meyer, in addition to being an editor of National Review, America's foremost conservative magazine, is the author of The Moulding of Communists. His second book, Why Freedom?, will be published in the fall.

Frank Meyer was educated at Princeton and Oxford Universities and, he, like Dean Manion, is a vigorous and searching speaker.

Dean Manion and Frank Meyer approach the central problem of our time — Communist tyranny — with intelligence, forthrightness and courage. They believe, as the Crusade For America believes, that all other contemporary problems either directly stem from the Communist attack against freedom, or that they are collateral to that attack.

Believing this, and in an effort to enlighten our fellow citizens on the nature, aims and strategy of the Communist conspiracy, the Crusade For America is privileged to present Dean Manion and Frank Meyer to all who are earnestly concerned with the problems that we face in our lifetime as a result of Communist expansion and growth.

To help defray the expenses of the meeting, there will be an admission charge of $1.50, payable at the door.

I look forward to seeing you on May 24.

Sincerely,

Daniel G. Buckley, President
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